



From an Original in Lord Clifden's Collection.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Dec: 16th 1777

Good, sharp?



From an Original in Lord Clifden's Collection.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Dec: 16th 1777

Cook, sculp.

BELL'S EDITION.
The POETS of GREAT BRITAIN
COMPLETE FROM
CHAUCEER to CHURCHILL.



SPENCER VOLUME I.
forget his furious force.
Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet

God, Sculp?
 16th 1777

del.

Sharp Sculp.

Printed for John Bell near Exeter Exchange Strand London Feb^r 16th 1778.



THE *Gal 11 2 a*
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.

FROM THE TEXT OF MR. UPTON, &c.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Goe, little Booke! thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the President
Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie-----
And, asked who thee forth did bring?
A shepeheard's swaine say did thee sing,
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And when his Honor hath thee redde,
Crave pardon for thy hardy-head-----
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell me what was said of mee,
And I will send more after thee. SPENSER TO HIS BOOKE.

VOL. I.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1778.

THE
FOLIO WORKS

BY
HAROLD SPENCER



THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDMUND SPENSER.

VOL. I.

CONTAINING HIS
FAERY QUEENE.

FROM MR. UPTON'S TEXT.

When SPENSER saw the fame was spredd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepheheard then he made his choice,
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.....
So SPENSER was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes.....
So SPENSER now, to his immortal prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.

VERSES TO THE AUTHOR.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1778.



THE LIFE OF
EDMUND SPENSER:

As the reign of Queen Elizabeth is one of the most shining parts of our history, and an age of which Englishmen are accustomed to speak with a particular pride and delight, it is remarkable for having been fruitful in eminent geniuses of very different kinds. Among the Romans the age of Augustus is observed to have produced the finest wits, but the preceding one the greatest men: but this was a period of time distinguished for both; and, by a wonderful conjunction, we find learning and arms, wisdom and polite arts, arising to the greatest heights together.

In this happy reign flourished Edmund Spenser, the most eminent of our poets till that time, unless we except Chaucer, who was, in some respects, his master and original. The accounts of his birth and family are but obscure and imperfect; and it has happened to him, as to many other men of wit and learning, to be much better known by his Works than by the history of his life. He was born in London, and had his education at Pembroke-Hall in Cambridge. Tho' in the dedications of one or two of his Poems we find him claiming affinity with some persons of distinction, yet his fortune and interest seem, at his first setting out, to have been very inconsiderable: for after he had continued in the College for some time, and laid that foundation of learning, which, joined to his natural genius, qualified him for rising to so great an excellency afterwards, he stood

for a Fellowship in competition with Mr. Andrews, afterwards Bishop of Winchester, but without success. This disappointment, together with the narrowness of his circumstances, forced him from the university: and we find him next taking up his residence with some friends in the North, where he fell in love with his Rosalind, whom he so finely celebrates in his Pastoral Poems, and of whose cruelty he has written such pathetic complaints.

As poetry is frequently the offspring of love and retirement, it is probable his genius began first to distinguish itself about this time; for the Shepherd's Calendar, which is so full of his unprosperous passion for Rosalind, was the first of his Works of any note. This he addressed, by a short dedication in verse, to Sir Philip Sidney, concealing himself under the humble title of *Immerito*. Sir Philip was then in the highest reputation for his wit, gallantry, and polite accomplishments; and indeed seems to have been the most universally admired and beloved of any one gentleman of the age in which he lived. As he was himself a very good writer, and especially excelled in the fabulous or inventive part of poetry, it is no wonder he soon became sensible of our Author's merit: he was one of the first who discovered it, and recommended it to the notice of the best judges of that time; and so long as this great man lived, Spenser never wanted a judicious friend and a generous patron.

After he had staid for some time in the North, he was prevailed upon, by the advice of some friends, to

quit his obscurity, and come to London, that he might be in the way of promotion. To this he alludes in his Sixth Eclogue, where Hobbinol (by which name is meant his intimate friend Mr. Gabriel Harvey) persuades Colin to leave the hilly country, as a barren and unthriving solitude, and remove to a better soil. The first step he afterwards made towards preferment was, as I have said, his acquaintance with Sir Philip Sidney; but whether that acquaintance began immediately upon his addressing to him the Shepherd's Calendar, as to me seems most probable, or some time after, I will not determine. That which makes it somewhat uncertain, is a story of him, which I shall only set down as I find it related, not knowing how far it may appear worthy of credit. It is said he was a stranger to Mr. Sidney (afterwards Sir Philip) when he had begun to write his Fairy Queen, and that he took occasion to go to Leicester-house, and to introduce himself, by sending in to Mr. Sidney a copy of the Ninth Canto of the First Book of that Poem. Mr. Sidney was much surprised with the description of Despair in that Canto, and is said to have shewn an unusual kind of transport on the discovery of so new and uncommon a genius. After he had read some stanzas, he turned to his Steward, and bid him give the person that brought those verses fifty pounds; but upon reading the next stanza, he ordered the sum to be doubled. The Steward was no less surprised than his master, and thought it his duty to make some delay in executing so sudden and lavish a boun-

ty; but, upon reading one stanza more, Mr. Sidney raised his gratuity to two hundred pounds, and commanded the Steward to give it immediately, lest, as he read further, he might be tempted to give away his whole estate. From this time he admitted the Author to his acquaintance and conversation, and prepared the way for his being known and received at Court.

Tho' nothing could have been more happy for him than to be thus introduced, yet he did not immediately reap any great benefit by it. He was indeed created Poet Laureat to Queen Elizabeth, but for some time he wore a barren laurel, and possessed only the place without the pension. The Lord Treasurer Burleigh had not, it seems, the same taste of Spenser's merit with Sir Philip Sidney; and, whether out of neglect, or any particular resentment, or from whatever cause, he is said to have intercepted the Queen's favour to this unfortunate and ingenious man. As the most elegant minds have the quickest sense of repulses from the great and powerful, who should countenance and protect them, it is no wonder this misfortune sunk deep into our Author's spirit, and seems to have dwelt upon him for a great space of his life: accordingly we find him in many parts of his Works pouring forth his heart in complaints of so hard and undeserved a treatment; which probably would have been less unfortunate to him, if his noble patron Sir Philip Sidney had not been so much absent from Court as he was obliged to be by his employments abroad, and by the share he had in the Low-Country wars,

In the poem called *The Ruins of Time*, which was written some time after Sidney's death, the Author seems to allude to the discouragement I have mentioned in the following stanza.

O grief of griefs! O gall of all good hearts!
To see that vertue should despised be
Of such as first were rais'd for vertue's parts,
And now broad spreading like an aged tree,
Let none shoot up that nigh them planted be.
O let not those of whom the Muse is scorn'd,
Alive or dead, be by the Muse adorn'd.

And in the poem called *The Tears of the Muses*, in the speech of Calliope, these lines are applied to persons of quality and estates, who are reproached for their total disregard of learning.

Their great revenues all in sumptuous pride
They spend, that nought to learning they may spare;
And the rich fee which poets wont divide,
Now parasites and sycophants do share.

But it is said that the Lord Treasurer, who perhaps at first only neglected Spenser, conceived afterwards a hatred of him, for some reflections which he apprehended were made on him in his *Mother Hubbard's Tale*. In this poem the Author has indeed, in the most lively manner, painted out the misfortune of dependence on court-favour: the lines which follow are, among others, very remarkable.

Full little knowest thou that hast not try'd,
What hell it is in suing long to bide,
To lose good days, that might be better spent,
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow,
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy Prince's grace, yet want her peers;
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;

To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares,
 To eat thy heart thro' comfortless despairs;
 To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
 To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.

This, as it was very much the Author's case, might probably be the particular passage in that poem which gave offence; for even the sighs of a miserable man are sometimes resented as an affront by him that is the occasion of them.

At the end of Book VI. of the *Fairy Queen*, the Author plainly alludes to this misfortune; where, speaking of Detraction, described as a monster, he concludes with the following stanza:

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
 Hope to escape his venomous despight,
 More then my former writs, all were they clearest
 From blamefull blot, and free from all that wite
 With which some wicked tongues did it backebite,
 And bring into a mighty peres displeasure,
 That never so deserved to endite.
 Therefore do you, my Rimes, keep better measure,
 And seek to please; that now is counted wise mens threasure.

I think I ought not here to omit a little story which seems founded on the grievance I have mentioned, and is related by some as a matter of fact commonly reported at that time. It is said the Queen, upon his presenting some poems to her, ordered him a gratuity of an hundred pounds, but that the Lord Treasurer Burleigh, objecting to it, said, with some scorn of the poet, "What! all this for a song?" The Queen replied,—“Then give him what is reason.” Spenser waited for some time, but had the mortification to find himself disappointed of the Queen's intended

bounty. Upon this he took a proper opportunity to present a paper to Queen Elizabeth in the manner of a petition, in which he reminded her of the orders she had given, in the following lines.

I was promis'd on a time
To have reason for my rhyme;
From that time unto this season,
I receiv'd nor rhyme nor reason.

This paper produced the desired effect; and the Queen, not without some reproof of the Treasurer, immediately directed the payment of the hundred pounds she had first order'd.

But tho' our Author had no better interest with the Lord Treasurer, yet we find him, some time after his appearance at Court, in considerable esteem with the most eminent men of that time. In the year 1579, he was sent abroad by the Earl of Leicester, as appears by a copy of Latin verses dated from Leicester-house, and address'd to his friend Mr. Harvey; but in what service he was employ'd is uncertain. The most considerable step he afterwards made into business, was upon the Lord Grey of Wilton's being chosen Deputy of Ireland, to whom Mr. Spenser was recommended as Secretary. This drew him over into another kingdom, and settled him for some time in a scene of life very different from what he had known before. There is no doubt but he discharged his employment with very good skill and capacity, as may appear by his Discourse on the state of Ireland, in which there are many solid and judicious remarks, that shew him no less qualified for business of the

state, than for the entertainments of the Muses. His life now seemed to be freed from the difficulties which had hitherto perplexed it, and his services to the Crown were rewarded by a grant from Queen Elizabeth of 3000 acres of land in the county of Corke. His house was in Kilcolman; and the river Mulla, which he has more than once so beautifully introduced in his Poems, ran thro' his grounds.

It was about this time that he contracted an intimate friendship with the great and learned Sir Walter Raleigh, who was then a captain under the Lord Grey. The poem called Colin Clout's Come Home Again, in which Sir Walter is described under the name of the Shepherd of the Ocean, is a beautiful memorial of this friendship, which took its rise from a likeness of taste in the polite arts, and is agreeably described by our Author, after the pastoral manner, in the following lines:

-----I fate, as was my trade,
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hore,
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore;
There a strange shepherd chanc'd to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right;
Whom, when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight? himself he did ycleep
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deep,
He sitting me beside, in that same shade
Provoked me to play some pleasant fit,
And when he heard the musick that I made,
He found himself full greatly pleas'd at it.
Yet, emulating my pipe, he took in hand
My pipe, before that emulated of many,

And plaid thereon, for well that still he con'd,
 Himself as skilful in that art as any.

Sir Walter did him some services afterwards at Court, and by his means Queen Elizabeth became more particularly acquainted than before with our Author's writings.

He was here a more successful lover than when he courted Rosalind. The collection of his Sonnets are a kind of short history of the progress of a new amour, which we find ended in marriage, and gave occasion to an excellent Epithalamium, which no one could so well write as himself.

In this pleasant situation he finished his celebrated poem of the Fairy Queen, which was begun and continued at different intervals of time, and of which he at first published only the three first Books. To these were added three more in a following edition; but the six last Books (excepting the Two Cantos of Mutability) were unfortunately lost by his servant, whom he had in haste sent before him into England: for tho' he passed his life for some time very serenely here, yet a train of misfortunes still pursued him; and in the Rebellion of the Earl of Desmond he was plundered and deprived of his estate. This forced him to return to England, where his afflictions were doubled by the want of his best friend, the brave Sir Phillip Sidney, who died some years before of the wounds he had received in an action near Zutphen in the Netherlands.

Spenser survived his beloved patron about twelve

years, but seems to have spent the latter part of that time with much grief of heart, under the disappointment of a broken fortune. It is remarkable that he died the same year with his powerful enemy the Lord Burleigh, which was in 1598. He was buried in Westminster-Abbey, near the famous Geoffry Chaucer, as he had desired. His obsequies were attended by the poets of that time, and others, who paid the last honours to his memory. Several copies of verses were thrown after him into his grave; and his monument was erected at the charge of the famous Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex; the stone of which it is made is much broken and defaced; the inscription on it is as follows:

“ Heare lyes (expecting the second comminge of our
“ Saviour Christ Jesus) the body of Edmond Spenser,
“ the prince of poets in his tyme; whose divine spir-
“ rit needs noe othir witnesse, then the works which
“ he left behind him. He was borne in London in
“ the yeare 1510, and died in the yeare 1596.”

It is observable that this differs from Cambrden's account of his death, who says it was in 1598, in the forty-first year of the Queen's reign. But this epitaph is, I doubt, yet less to be depended upon for the time of our Author's birth, in which there must have been a very gross mistake. It is by no means probable that he was born so early as 1510, if we judge only by so remarkable a circumstance as that of his standing for a Fellowship in competition with Mr. Andrews, who was not born till 1555. Besides, if this account of his

birth were true, he must have been above sixty years old when he first published his Shepherd's Calendar, an age not the most proper for love-poetry; and in his seventieth year when he entered into business under the Lord Grey, who was created Deputy of Ireland in 1580. For these reasons I think we may certainly conclude, either that this inscription is false by the error of the carver, which may seem the more probable, because the spelling likewise is very bad even for that time, or that it was put in some time afterwards, when the monument perhaps was repaired, and is wholly different from the original one; which indeed is mentioned by Dr. Fuller, and others *, to have been in Latin. In a little Latin treatise, describing the monuments of Westminster in the year 1600, published, as is supposed, by Mr. Cambden, I find the following account of it.

“Edmundus Spenser, Londinensis, Anglicorum
 “Poetarum nostri seculi facile Princeps, quod ejus
 “poemata, faventibus Musis et victuro Genio con-
 “scripta, comprobant. Obiit immatura morte, anno
 “salutis 1598, & prope Galfredum Chaucerum con-
 “ditur, qui felicissime Poesin Anglicis Literis primus
 “illustravit. In quem hæc scripta sunt epitaphia.”

“Hic prope Chaucerum situs est Spenserius, illi
 “Proximus ingenio, proximus ut tumulo.”

* Vid. Kepe's Monumenta Westmonast.

"Hic prope Chaucerum Spensere Poeta Poetam
 "Conderis, & versu quam tumulo propior;
 "Anglica, te vivo, vixit plaussitq; poesis;
 "Nunc moritura timet, te moriente, mori."

The absurdity of supposing our Author born in 1510, appears yet further by the expression *immatura morte*, which is here used, and could not have been very proper, if applied to a man who had died at eighty-eight years of age. Winstanley and some others have transcribed this whole passage as his epitaph, not considering that the prose is only an eulogy on him, and not a monumental inscription. The reader will likewise observe that the verses are two distinct epitaphs, of which the first and second couplets are but the same thought differently expressed; in the last couplet it is not improbable the author might have in his eye those celebrated lines written by Cardinal Bembo on Raphael d'Urbis.

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci

"Rerum magus pareps, & moriente mori."

I wish I could give the public a more perfect account of a man whose Works have so justly recommended him to the esteem of all the lovers of English poetry. Besides those pieces of his which have been preserved, we find he had written several others, of which we can now only trace out the titles. Among these, the most considerable were Nine Comedies, in imitation of the comedies of his admired Ariosto, inscribed with the names of the Nine Muses. The rest, which

are mentioned in his Letters, and those of his friends, are his Dying Pelicane, his Pageants, Stemmata Dudleyana, the Canticles Paraphrased, Ecclesiastes, Seven Psalms, Hours of our Lord, Sacrifice of a Sinner, Purgatory, A Sennight's Slumber, The Court of Cupid, and, The Hell of Lovers. It is likewise said he had written a treatise in prose, called The English Poet. As for the Epithalamion Thamesis, and his Dreams, both mentioned by himself in one of his Letters, I cannot but think they are still preserved, tho' under different names. It appears from what is said of the Dreams by his friend Mr. Harvey, that they were an imitation of Petrarch's Visions; and it is therefore probable they are the same which were afterwards published under the several titles of Visions of the World's Vanity, Bellay's Visions, Petrarch's Visions, &c. And tho' by one of his Letters we find our Author had formed the plan of a poem called Epithalamion Thamesis, and designed, after a fashion then newly introduced, to have written it in English Hexameters; yet whoever observes the account he gives of it there, and compares it with Canto XI. of Book IV. of the Fairy Queen, will see reason to believe that he suspended his first thought, and wrought it afterwards into that beautiful episode of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, which is so great an ornament to that Book. And this will appear yet the more probable, if it be considered that, with all its beauty, that episode is no essential part of the poem, but is rather an excrecence, or a digression from it.

I find no account of the family which Spenser left behind him, only that, in the few particulars of his life prefixed to the last folio edition of his Works, it is said that his great grandson, Hugolin Spenser, after the return of King Charles II. was restored by the Court of Claims to so much of the lands as could be found to have been his ancestor's: whether this were true or not I cannot determine; but I think I ought not to omit mentioning another very remarkable passage, of which I can give the reader much better assurance; that a person came over from Ireland in King William's reign to solicit the same affair, and brought with him letters of recommendation as a descendant of Spenser. His name procured him a favourable reception; and he applied himself particularly to Mr. Congreve, by whom he was generously recommended to the favour of the late Earl of Halifax, who was then at the head of the Treasury, and by that means he obtained his suit. This man was somewhat advanced in years, and might be the same mentioned before, who had possibly recovered only some part of the estate at first, or had been disturbed in the possession of it. He could give no account of the Works of his ancestor which are wanting, and which are, therefore, in all probability irrecoverably lost.

AN ESSAY

ON ALLEGORICAL POETRY,

With remarks on the writings of Mr. Edmund Spenser.

IT is a misfortune, as Mr. Waller observes, which attends the writers of English poetry, that they can hardly expect their works should last long in a tongue which is daily changing; that whilst they are new, envy is apt to prevail against them; and as that wears off, our language itself fails. Our poets, therefore, he says, should imitate judicious statuarics, that chuse the most durable materials, and should carve in Latin or Greek, if they would have their labours preserved for ever.

Notwithstanding the disadvantage he has mentioned, we have two ancient English poets, Chaucer and Spenser, who may, perhaps, be reckoned as exceptions to this remark: these seem to have taken deep root, like old British oaks, and to flourish in defiance of all the injuries of time and weather. The former is, indeed, much more obsolete in his style than the latter; but it is owing to an extraordinary native strength in both that they have been able thus far to survive amidst the changes of our tongue, and seem rather likely, among the curious at least, to preserve the knowledge of our ancient language, than to be in danger of being destroyed with it, and buried under its ruins.

Though Spenser's affection to his master Chaucer

led him in many things to copy after him, yet those who have read both will easily observe that these two geniuses were of a very different kind. Chaucer excelled in his characters, Spenser in his descriptions. The first studied humour, was an excellent satirist, and a lively but rough painter of the manners of that rude age in which he lived: the latter was of the serious turn, had an exalted and elegant mind, a warm and boundless fancy, and was an admirable imager of virtues and vices, which was his particular talent. The embellishments of description are rich and lavish in him beyond comparison; and as this is the most striking part of poetry, especially to young readers, I take it to be the reason that he has been the father of more poets among us than any other of our writers; poetry being first kindled in the imagination, which Spenser writes to more than any one, and the season of youth being the most susceptible of the impression. It will not seem strange, therefore, that Cowley, as himself tells us, first caught his flame by reading Spenser; that our great Milton owned him for his original, as Mr. Dryden assures us; and that Dryden studied him, and has bestowed more frequent commendations on him than on any other English poet.

The most known and celebrated of his Works, tho' I will not say the most perfect, is the *Fairy Queen*: it is conceived, wrought up, and coloured with a stronger fancy, and discovers more the particular genius of Spenser than any of his other writings. The Author, in a letter to Sir Walter Raleigh, having called this

poem a continued allegory, or dark conceit, it may not be improper to offer some Remarks on Allegorical Poetry in general, by which the beauties of this Work may more easily be discovered by ordinary readers. I must, at the same time, beg the indulgence of those who are conversant with critical discourses to what I shall here propose, this being a subject something out of the way, and not expressly treated upon by those who have laid down rules for the art of poetry.

An Allegory is a fable or story in which, under imaginary persons or things, is shadowed some real action or instructive moral; or, as I think it is somewhere very shortly defined by Plutarch, it is that "in which one thing is related, and another thing is understood." It is a kind of poetical picture, or hieroglyphic, which, by its apt resemblance, conveys instruction to the mind by an analogy to the senses, and so amuses the fancy, whilst it informs the understanding. Every allegory has, therefore, two senses, the literal and the mystical: the literal sense is like a dream or vision, of which the mystical sense is the true meaning or interpretation.

This will be more clearly apprehended by considering, that as a simile is but a more extended metaphor, so an allegory is a kind of continued simile, or an assemblage of similitudes drawn out at full length. Thus, when it is said that Death is the offspring of Sin, this is a metaphor, to signify that the former is produced by the latter, as a child is brought into the world by its parent. Again, to compare Death to a

meagre and ghastly apparition, starting out of the ground, moving towards the spectator with a menacing air, and shaking in his hand a bloody dart, is a representation of the terrors which attend that great enemy to human nature. But let the reader observe, in Milton's *Paradise Lost*, with what exquisite fancy and skill this common metaphor and simile, and the moral contained in them, are extended and wrought up into one of the most beautiful allegories in our language.

The resemblance which has been so often observed in general between poetry and painting is yet more particular in allegory, which, as I said before, is a kind of picture in poetry. Horace has, in one of his Odes, pathetically described the ruinous condition of his country after the Civil wars, and the hazard of its being involved in new dissensions, by the emblem of a ship shattered with storms, and driven into port with broken masts, torn sails, and disabled rigging, and in danger of being forced, by new storms, out to sea again. There is nothing said in the whole ode but what is literally applicable to a ship; but it is generally agreed that the thing signified is the Roman State. Thus Rubens, who had a good allegorical genius in painting, has, in his famous work of the Luxembourg gallery, figured the government of France, on Lewis XIII.'s arriving at age, by a galley. The King stands at the helm, Mary of Medicis, the Queen-mother and Regent, puts the rudder in his hand; Justice, Fortitude, Religion, and Public Faith, are seated at

the oars; and other Virtues have their proper employments in managing the sails and tackle.

By this general description of Allegory, it may easily be conceived, that in works of this kind there is a large field open to invention, which among the Ancients was universally looked upon to be the principal part of poetry. The power of raising images or resemblances of things, giving them life and action, and presenting them as it were before the eyes, was thought to have something in it like creation; and it was probably for this fabling part that the first authors of such works were called Poets or Makers, as the word signifies, and as it is literally translated and used by Spenser; tho' the learned Gerard Vossius * is of opinion that it was rather for the framing their verses. However, by this art of fiction or allegory, more than by the structure of their numbers, or what we now call Versification, the poets were distinguished from historians and philosophers, tho' the latter sometimes invaded the province of the poet, and delivered their doctrines likewise in allegories or parables: and this, when they did not purposely make them obscure, in order to conceal them from the common people, was a plain indication that they thought there was an advantage in such methods of conveying instruction to the mind; and that they served for the more effectual engaging the attention of the hearers, and for leaving deeper impressions on their memories.

Plutarch, in one of his discourses, gives a very good

* De Arte Poetica, cap. 3. §. 16.

reason for the use of fiction in poetry, because " Truth
" of itself is rigid and austere, and cannot be moulded
" into such agreeable forms as fiction can. For nei-
" ther the numbers," says he, " nor the ranging of
" the words, nor the elevation and elegance of the
" style, have so many graces as the artful contrivance
" and disposition of the fable." For this reason, as
he relates it after Plato, when the wise Socrates him-
self was prompted by a particular impulse to the
writing of verses, being by his constant employment
in the study of truth a stranger to the art of invent-
ing, he chose for his subject the Fables of *Æsop*, " not
" thinking," says Plutarch, " that any thing could be
" poetry which was void of fiction." The same au-
thor makes use of a comparison, in another place,
which I think may be most properly applied to al-
legorical poetry in particular; that " as grapes on
" a vine are covered by the leaves which grow about
" them, so under the pleasant narrations and fictions
" of the poets there are couched many useful morals
" and doctrines."

It is for this reason, that is to say, in regard to the
moral sense, that allegory has a liberty indulged to it
beyond any other sort of writing whatsoever; that it
often assembles things of the most contrary kinds
in nature, and supposes even impossibilities; as that
a golden bough should grow among the common
branches of a tree, as Virgil has described it in the
Sixth Book of his *Æneis*. Allegory is indeed the Fairy
Land of poetry, peopled by imagination; its inhabitants

are so many apparitions; its woods, caves, wild beasts, rivers, mountains, and palaces, are produced by a kind of magical power, and are all visionary and typical; and it abounds in such licences as would be shocking and monstrous, if the mind did not attend to the mystic sense contained under them. Thus, in the Fables of *Æsop*, which are some of the most ancient allegories extant, the author gives reason and speech to beasts, insects, and plants; and by that means covertly instructs mankind in the most important incidents and concerns of their lives.

I am not insensible that the word *Allegory* has been sometimes used in a larger sense than that to which I may seem here to have restrained it, and has been applied indifferently to any poem which contains a covered moral, though the story or fable carries nothing in it that appears visionary or romantic. It may be necessary, therefore, to distinguish allegory into the two following kinds:

The first is that in which the story is framed of real or historical persons, and probable or possible actions; by which, however, some other persons and actions are typified or represented. In this sense the whole *Æneis* of *Virgil* may be said to be an Allegory, if we consider *Æneis* as representing *Augustus Cæsar*, and his conducting the remains of his countrymen from the ruins of *Troy* to a new settlement in Italy, as emblematical of *Augustus's* modelling a new government out of the ruins of the aristocracy, and establishing the Romans, after the confusion of the Civil war,

in a peaceable and flourishing condition. It does not, I think, appear that Homer had any such design in his poems, or that he meant to delineate his cotemporaries or their actions under the chief characters and adventures of the Trojan war : and tho' the allusion I have mentioned in Virgil is a circumstance which the author has finely contrived to be coincident to the general frame of his story, yet he has avoided the making it plain and particular, and has thrown it off in so many instances from a direct application, that his poem is perfect without it. This, then, for distinction, should, I think, rather be called a Parallel than an Allegory ; at least in Allegories framed after this manner the literal sense is sufficient to satisfy the reader, tho' he should look no further ; and without being considered as emblematical of some other persons or action, may of itself exhibit very useful morals and instructions. Thus the morals which may be drawn from the *Æneis* are equally noble and instructive, whether we suppose the real hero to be *Æneas* or *Augustus Cæsar*.

The second kind of Allegory, and which, I think, may more properly challenge the name, is that in which the fable or story consists for the most part of fictitious persons or beings, creatures of the poet's brain, and actions surprising, and without the bounds of probability or nature. In works of this kind it is impossible for the reader to rest in the literal sense, but he is of necessity driven to seek for another meaning under these wild types and shadows. This grotesque invention claims, as I have observed, a licence peculiar

to itself, and is what I would be understood, in this discourse, more particularly to mean by the word Allegory. Thus Milton has described it in his poem called *Il Penseroso*, where he alludes to the Squire's tale in Chaucer :

Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarfise,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glas,
And of the wondrous horse of brasse,
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

It may be proper to give an instance or two by which the distinction of this last kind of Allegory may more plainly appear.

The story of Circe, in the *Odyssseys*, is an allegorical fable, of which there are perhaps more copies and imitations than of any other whatever. Her offering a cup, filled with intoxicating liquor, to her guests; her mingling poison with their food, and then by magical arts turning them into the shapes of swine; and Ulysses resisting her charms by the virtue of an herb called *Moly*, which he had received from the god Mercury, and restoring his companions to their true persons, are all fictions of the last kind I have mentioned. The person of the goddess is likewise fictitious, and out of the circle of the Grecian divinities; and the adventures are not to be understood but in a mystical sense. The episode of *Calypso*, though some-

what of the same kind, approaches nearer to nature and probability: but the story of Dido in the *Æneis*, though copied from the *Circe* and *Calypso*, and formed on the same moral, namely, to represent a hero obstructed by the allurements of pleasure, and at last breaking from them, and though Mercury likewise assists in it to dissolve the charm, yet is not necessarily to be looked upon as an allegory; the fable does not appear merely imaginary or emblematical; the persons are natural, and, excepting the distance of time, which the critics have noted between the real *Æneas* and *Dido*, (a circumstance which *Virgil*, not being bound to historical truth, wilfully neglected) there is nothing which might not really have happened. *Ariosto's Alcina*, and the *Armida* of *Tasso*, are copies from the same original: these again are plainly allegorical. The whole literal sense of the latter is a kind of vision, or a scene of imagination, and is every where transparent, to shew the moral sense which is under it. The Bower of Bliss, in the Second Book of the *Fairy Queen*, is, in like manner, a copy from *Tasso*; but the ornaments of description, which *Spenser* has transplanted out of the Italian poem, are more proper in his work, which was designed to be wholly allegorical, than in an epic poem, which is superior in its nature to such lavish embellishments. There is another copy of the *Circe*, in the dramatic way, in a mask, by our famous *Milton*, the whole plan of which is allegorical, and is written, with a very poetical spirit, on the same moral, though with different characters.

I have here instanced in one of the most ancient and best-imagined allegories extant. Scylla, Charybdis, and the Syrens, in the same poem, are of the same nature, and are creatures purely allegorical: but the Harpies in Virgil, which disturbed Æneas and his followers at their banquet, as they do not seem to exhibit any certain moral, may probably have been thrown in by the poet only as an omen, and to raise what is commonly called the Wonderful, which is a property as essential to epic poetry as probability. Homer's giving speech to the river Xanthus in the Iliad, and to the horses of Achilles, seem to be inventions of the same kind, and might be designed to fill the reader with astonishment and concern, and with an apprehension of the greatness of an occasion which, by a bold fiction of the poet, is supposed to have produced such extraordinary effects.

As Allegory sometimes, for the sake of the moral sense couched under its fictions, gives speech to brutes, and sometimes introduces creatures which are out of nature, as goblins, chimeras, fairies, and the like; so it frequently gives life to virtues and vices, passions and diseases, to natural and moral qualities, and represents them acting as divine, human, or infernal persons. A very ingenious writer calls these characters *shadowy beings* *, and has with good reason censured the employing them in just epic poems. Of this kind are Sin and Death, which I mentioned before in Milton, and Fame in Virgil. We find, likewise, a large

* Spectator, Vol. IV. No. 273.

group of these shadowy figures placed in the Sixth Book of the *Æneis*, at the entrance into the infernal regions ; but as they are only shewn there, and have no share in the action of the poem, the description of them is a fine allegory, and extremely proper to the place where they appear.

Vestibulum ante ipsum, primisq; in faucibus Orçæ
 Luctus et ultrices posuere cubilia Curae,
 Palentesq; habitant Morbi, tristisq; Senectus,
 Et Metus, et malesuada Fames, ac turpis Aegestas,
 Terribiles visu Formae ; Lethumq; Labosq;
 Tum con sanguineus Lethi Sopor, et mala Mentis
 Gaudia, Mortiferumq; aduerso in limite Bellum ;
 Ferreiq; Eumenidum Thalami, et Discordia dement,
 Vipereum crinem vitris innixa cruentis.
 In medio ramos annosaq; brachia pandit
 Ulmus opaca, ingens ; quam sedem Somnia vulgo
 Vana tenere ferunt, foliisq; sub omnibus haerent.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of Hell
 Revengeful Cares, and sullen Sorrows dwell,
 And pale Diseases, and repining Age,
 Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage ;
 Here Toils and Death, and Death's half-brother, Sleep,
 Forms terrible to view, their centry keep ;
 With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,
 Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind ;
 'The Furies' iron beds, and Strife that shakes
 Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes :
 Full in the midst of this infernal road
 An elm displays its dusky arms abroad ;
 The God of Sleep here hides his heavy head,
 And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.

DRYDEN.

As persons of this imaginary life are to be excluded from any share of action in epic poems, they are yet less to be endured in the drama ; yet we find they have sometimes made their appearance on the ancient stage. Thus, in a tragedy of *Æschylus*, Strength is introduced assisting Vulcan to bind Prometheus to a rock ;

and in one of Euripides, Death comes to the house of Admetus to demand Alcestis, who had offered herself to die to save her husband's life. But what I have here said of epic and dramatic poems does not extend to such writings, the very frame and model of which is designed to be Allegorical; in which, therefore, as I said before, such unsubstantial and symbolical actors may be very properly admitted.

Every Book of the Fairy Queen is fruitful of these visionary beings, which are invented and drawn with a surprising strength of imagination. I shall produce but one instance here, which the reader may compare with that just mentioned in Virgil, to which it is no way inferior; it is in Book II. where Mammon conducts Guyon thro' a cave under ground to shew him his treasure.

At length they came into a larger space,
That stretcht itselfe into an ample playne,
Through which a beaten broad high way did trace,
That streight did lead to Plutoe's grievely rayne:
By that wayes side there sate infernall Payne,
And fast beside him sat tumultuous Strife;
The one in hand an yron whip did strayne,
The other brandished a bloody knife;
And both did gnash their teeth, and both did threaten life;

On the other side in one confort there sate
Cruell Revenge, and rancorous Despight,
Disloyall Treason, and hart-burning Hate;
But gnawing Gealosy, out of their sight
Sitting alone, his bitter lips did bight;
And trembling Feare still to and fro did fly,
And found no place wher safe he shroud him might:
Lamenting Sorrow did in darknes lye;
And Shame his ugly face did hide from living eye:

And over them sad Horror with Grim hew
Did alwaies sore beating his yron wings;

And after him owles and night-ravens flew,
The hatefull messengers of heavy things,
Of death and dolor telling sad tidings :
Whiles sad Celeno, sitting on a clifte,
A song of bale and bitter sorrow sings,
That hart of flint asonder could have riste ;
Which having ended after him she flyeth swifte.
All these before the gates of Pluto lay ; &c.

The posture of Jealousy, and the motion of Fear, in this description, are particularly fine. These are instances of Allegorical persons, which are shewn only in one transient view. The reader will every where meet with others in this Author, which are employed in the action of the poem, and which need not be mentioned here.

Having thus endeavoured to give a general idea of what is meant by Allegory in poetry, and shewn what kind of persons are frequently employed in it, I shall proceed to mention some properties which seem requisite in all well-invented fables of this kind.

There is no doubt but men of critical learning, if they had thought fit, might have given us rules about Allegorical writing, as they have done about epic, and other kinds of poetry ; but they have rather chosen to let this forest remain wild, as if they thought there was something in the nature of the soil which could not so well be restrained and cultivated in inclosures. What Sir William Temple observes about rules in general, may perhaps be more particularly applicable to this ; that “ they may possibly hinder “ some from being very bad poets, but are not capable of making any very good one.” Notwithstanding

ing this, they are useful to help our observation in distinguishing the beauties and the blemishes in such works as have been already produced. I shall therefore beg leave to mention four qualities which I think are essential to every good Allegory; the three first of which relate to the Fable, and the last to the Moral.

The first is, that it be lively and surprising. The Fable, or literal sense, being that which most immediately offers itself to the reader's observation, must have this property, in order to raise and entertain his curiosity. As there is, therefore, more invention employed in a work of this kind than in mere narration, or description, or in general amplifications on any subject, it consequently requires a more than ordinary heat of fancy in its first production. If the Fable, on the contrary, is flat, spiritless, or barren of invention, the reader's imagination is not affected, nor his attention engaged, tho' the instruction conveyed under it be ever so useful or important.

The second qualification I shall mention is elegance, or a beautiful propriety and aptness in the Fable to the subject on which it is employed. By this quality the invention of the poet is restrained from taking too great a compass, or losing itself in a confusion of ill-sorted ideas. Such representations as that mentioned by Horace, of dolphins in a wood, or boars in the sea, being fit only to surprise the imagination, without pleasing the judgment. The same Moral may likewise be expressed in different Fables, all of which may be lively and full of spirit, yet not equally elo-

gant, as various dresses may be made for the same body, yet not equally becoming. As it therefore requires a heat of fancy to raise images and resemblances, it requires a good taste to distinguish and range them, and to chuse the most proper and beautiful, where there appears an almost distracting variety. I may compare this to Æneas searching in the wood for the golden bough; he was at a loss where to lay his hand, till his mother's doves, descending in his sight, flew before him, and perched on the tree where it was to be found.

Another essential property is, that the Fable be every where consistent with itself. As licentious as Allegorical fiction may seem in some respects, it is, nevertheless, subject to this restraint. The poet is, indeed, at liberty in chusing his story, and inventing his persons, but after he has introduced them, he is obliged to sustain them in their proper characters, as well as in more regular kinds of writing. It is difficult to give particular rules under this head; it may suffice to say that this wild nature is, however, subject to an economy proper to itself; and tho' it may sometimes seem extravagant, ought never to be absurd. Most of the Allegories in the *Fairy Queen* are agreeable to this rule; but in one of his other poems the Author has manifestly transgressed it; the poem I mean is that which is called *Prothalamion*. In this the two brides are figured by two beautiful swans sailing down the river Thames. The Allegory breaks before the reader is prepared for it; and we see them, at their landing,

in their true shapes, without knowing how this sudden change is effected. If this had been only a simile, the poet might have dropped it at pleasure; but as it is an Allegory, he ought to have made it of a piece, or to have invented some probable means of coming out of it.

The last property I shall mention is, that the Allegory be clear and intelligible; the Fable being designed only to clothe and adorn the Moral, but not to hide it, should, methinks, resemble the draperies we admire in some of the ancient statues, in which the folds are not too many, nor too thick, but so judiciously ordered, that the shape and beauty of the limbs may be seen thro' them.

It must be confessed, that many of the ancient Fables appear to us, at this distance of time, very perplexed and dark; and if they had any Moral at all, it is so closely couched, that it is very difficult to discover it. Whoever reads the Lord Bacon's Wisdom of the Ancients, will be convinced of this. He has employed a more than ordinary penetration to decipher the most known traditions in the Heathen mythology; but his interpretations are often far-fetched, and so much at random, that the reader can have no assurance of their truth. It is not to be doubted that a great part of these fables were allegorical, but others might have been stories designed only to amuse, or to practise upon the credulity of the vulgar; or the doctrines they contained might be purposely clouded, to conceal them from common knowledge. But tho', as I hinted in the former part of this discourse, this

may have been a reason among philosophers, it ought not to be admitted among poets. An Allegory which is not clear is a riddle, and the sense of it lies at the mercy of every fanciful interpreter.

Tho' the epic poets, as I have shewn, have sprinkled some Allegories thro' their poems, yet it would be absurd to endeavour to understand them every where in a mystical sense. We are told of one Metrodorus Lampfacenus, whose works are lost, that turned the whole writings of Homer into an Allegory : it was, doubtless, by some such means that the principles of all arts and sciences whatever were discovered in that single author ; for nothing can escape an expositor who proceeds in his operations like a Rosycrucian, and brings with him the gold he pretends to find.

It is surprising that Tasso, whose Jerusalem was, at the time when he wrote, the best plan of an epic poem after Virgil, should be possessed with this affectation, and should not believe his work perfect till he had turned it into a mystery. I cannot help thinking that the Allegory, as it is called, which he has printed with it, looks as if it were invented after the poem was finished. He tells us that the Christian army represents man ; the city of Jerusalem civil happiness ; Godfrey the understanding ; Rinaldo and Tancred the other powers of the soul ; and that the body is typified by the common soldiers ; with a great deal more that carries in it a strong cast of enthusiasm. He is indeed much more intelligible when he explains the flowers, the fountains, the nymphs, and the musical instru-

ments, to figure to us sensual pleasures under the false appearance of good; but for the rest, I appeal to any one who is acquainted with that poem, whether he would ever have discovered these mysteries if the poet had not let him into them? or whether even, after this, he can keep them long in his mind while he is reading it?

Spenser's conduct is much more reasonable. As he designed his Poem upon the plan of the Vertues by which he has entitled his several Books, he scarce ever loses sight of this design, but has almost every where taken care to let it appear. Sir William Temple, indeed, censures this as a fault, and says, that tho' his flights of fancy were very noble and high, yet his moral lay so bare that it lost the effect: but I confess I do not understand this: a moral which is not clear is, in my apprehension, next to no moral at all.

It would be easy to enumerate other properties, which are various, according to the different kinds of Allegory, or its different degrees of perfection. Sometimes we are surprised with an uncommon moral, which ennobles the fable that conveys it; and at other times we meet with a known and obvious truth, placed in some new and beautiful point of light, and made surprising by the fiction under which it is exhibited. I have thought it sufficient to touch upon such properties only as seem to be the most essential, and perhaps many more might be reduced under one or other of these general heads.

I might here give examples of this noble and an-

cient kind of writing out of the Books of Holy Writ, and especially the Jewish Prophets, in which we find a spirit of poetry surprisingly sublime and majestic; but these are obvious to every one's reading. The East seems indeed to have been principally the region of these figurative and emblematical writings. Sir John Chardin, in his Travels, has given us a translation of several pieces of modern Persian poetry, which shew that there are traces of the same genius remaining among the present inhabitants of those countries. But, not to prolong this Discourse, I shall only add one instance of a very ancient Allegory, which has all the properties in it I have mentioned; I mean that in Xenophon, of the Choice of Hercules, when he is courted by Virtue and Pleasure, which is said to have been the invention of Prodicus. This fable is full of spirit and elegance; the characters are finely drawn, and consistent, and the moral is clear. I shall not need to say any thing more of it, but refer the reader to the second volume of the Tatler, where he will find it very beautifully translated.

After what has been said, it must be confessed that, excepting Spenser, there are few extraordinary instances of this kind of writing among the Moderns. The great mines of invention have been opened long ago, and little new ore seems to have been discovered or brought to light by latter ages. With us the art of framing fables, apologues, and allegories, which was so frequent among the writers of antiquity, seems to be, like the art of painting upon glass, but little prac-

tified, and in a great measure lost. Our colours are not so rich and transparent, and are either so ill prepared, or so unskilfully laid on, that they often sully the light which is to pass thro' them, rather than agreeably tincture and beautify it. Boccallini must be reckoned one of the chief modern masters of Allegory; yet his Fables are often flat and ill chosen, and his invention seems to have been rather fruitful than elegant. I cannot, however, conclude this Essay on Allegory without observing, that we have had the satisfaction to see this kind of writing very lately revived by an excellent genius among ourselves, in the true spirit of the Ancients. I need only mention the *Visions* in the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, by Mr. Addison, to convince every one of this. The *Table of Fame*, the *Vision of Justice*, that of the different Pursuits of Love, Ambition, and Avarice; the *Vision of Mirza*, and several others; and especially that admirable Fable of the two Families of Pain and Pleasure, which are all imagined and writ with the greatest strength and delicacy, may give the reader an idea, more than any thing I can say, of the perfection to which this kind of writing is capable of being raised. We have likewise, in the second volume of the *Guardian*, a very good example given us by the same hand, of an Allegory in the particular manner of Spenser.

REMARKS

ON THE FAIRY QUEEN.

By what has been offered in the foregoing Discourse on Allegorical poetry, we may be able not only to discover many beauties in the Fairy Queen, but likewise to excuse some of its irregularities. The chief merit of this Poem consists in that surprising vein of fabulous invention which runs through it, and enriches it every where with imagery and descriptions more than we meet with in any other modern poem. The Author seems to be possessed of a kind of poetical magic, and the figures he calls up to our view rise so thick upon us, that we are at once pleased and distracted by the exhaustless variety of them, so that his faults may, in a manner, be imputed to his excellencies: his abundance betrays him into excess, and his judgment is overborne by the torrent of his imagination.

That which seems the most liable to exception in this Work is the model of it, and the choice the Author has made of so romantic a story. The several Books appear rather like so many several poems than one entire fable: each of them has its peculiar Knight, and is independent of the rest*; and though some of

* Mr. Upton, in the preface to his edition of *The Fairy Queen*, page 20, 21, &c. introduces the following sensible observations on that Poem, which we here quote for the satisfaction of the reader.—“ ’Tis not my intention, in this place, to enter into a particular criticism of any of our Poet’s writings excepting the *Fairy Queen*, which Poem seems to have been hitherto very little understood, notwithstanding he has opened, in a great measure, his design and plan in a letter to his honoured friend Sir Walter Raleigh.

the persons make their appearance in different Books, yet this has very little effect in connecting them. Prince Arthur is, indeed, the principal person, and has therefore a share given him in every Legend; but his part

How readily has every one acquiesced in Dryden's opinion? "That the action of this Poem is not one *;—that there is "no uniformity of design; and that he aims at the accomplishment of no action †." It might have been expected that Hughes, who printed Spenser's works, should not have joined so freely in the same censure; and yet he tells us "that the several Books appear rather like so many several "poems, than one entire fable; each of them having its peculiar Knight, and being independent of the rest ††."

Just in the same manner did the critics and commentators formerly abuse old Homer; his *Iliad*, they said, was nothing else but a parcel of loose songs and rhapsodies concerning the Trojan war, which he sung at festivals; and these loose ballads were first collected, and stitched, as it were, together by Pisistratus ||; being parts without any coherence or relation to a whole, and unity of design.

As this subject requires a particular consideration, I desire the reader will attend to the following vindication of Homer and Spenser, as they have both fallen under one common censure.

In every poem there ought to be simplicity and unity; and in the epic poem the unity of the action should never be violated by introducing any ill-joined or heterogeneous parts. This essential rule Spenser seems to me strictly to have followed; for what story can well be shorter, or more simple, than the subject of his Poem?—A British prince sees in a vision the Fairy Queen; he falls in love, and goes in search after this unknown fair; and at length finds her.—This fable has a beginning, a middle, and an end. The beginning is, the British prince saw in a vision the Fairy Queen, and fell in love with her; the middle, his search after her, with the adventures that he underwent; the end, his finding whom he sought.

But here our curiosity is raised, and we want a more circumstantial information of many things.—Who is this British prince? what adventures did he undergo? who was the Fairy Queen? where, when, and how, did he find her? Thus many questions arise, that require many solutions.

The action of this Poem has not only simplicity and unity, but it is great and important. The hero is no less than the

* Dryden's dedication of the translation of Virgil's *Aeneid*.

† See his dedication of the translation of Juvenal.

‡ In the preface to his edition.

|| Hence called *Rhapsodist*.

is not considerable enough in any one of them: he appears and vanishes again like a spirit; and we lose sight of him too soon to consider him as the hero of the Poem.

British prince, Prince Arthur: (who knows not Prince Arthur?) The time when this hero commenced his adventures is marked very exactly. In the reign of Uther Pendragon, father of Prince Arthur, Osta, the son of Hengist, and his kinsman Eosa, thinking themselves not bound by the treaties which they had made with Aurelius Ambrosius, began to raise disturbances, and infect his dominions: this is the historical period of time which Spenser has chosen:

Ye see that good King Uther now doth make
Strong warre upon the paynim brethren, hight
Osta and Oza, whom hee lately brake
Beside Cayr Verolame-----

B. III. C. iii. St. 52.

Could any epic poet desire a better historical foundation to build his poem on? Hear, likewise, what he himself says on this subject; "I chose the history of K. Arthur, as most fit for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many men's former works, and also furthest from the danger of envy and suspicion of present time." I much question if Virgil's *Aeneid* is grounded on facts so well supported. Beside, a poet is a Maker; nor does he compose a poem for the sake of any one hero, but rather he makes a hero for the sake of his poem: and if he follows fame, whether from the more authentic relation of old chronicles, or from the legendary tales of old romances, yet still he is at liberty to add or to diminish: in short, to speak out, he is at liberty to *lie* as much as he pleases, provided his lies are consistent, and he makes his tale hang well together.

Prince Arthur saw in a vision, and seeing fell in love with, the Fairy Queen, just about the time that she held her annual festival, when her knights had their various adventures assigned them. From either of these periods an historian might begin his narration; but a poet must begin from neither; because it is his province to carry you at once into the scene of action, and to complicate and perplex his story, in order to shew his art in unravelling it. The Poet, therefore, might have opened his Poem either with Prince Arthur, now actually set out on his quest, or with one of the knights sent from the court of the Fairy Queen; by which means the reader is introduced into the midst of things, taking it for granted that he either knows or some way or other will know, all that preceded. It is from the latter of these periods, namely, from one of the Fairy knights, who

These are the most obvious defects in the Fable of the Fairy Queen. The want of unity in the story makes it difficult for the reader to carry it in his mind, and distracts too much his attention to the several parts

is already rode forth on his adventure, that Spenser opens his Poem, and he keeps you in suspense concerning his chief hero, Prince Arthur, till it is proper to introduce him with suitable pomp and magnificence.

Homer sings the anger of Achilles, and its fatal consequences to the Grecians; nor can it be fairly objected to the unity of the Iliad, that when Achilles is removed from the scene of action, you scarcely hear him mentioned in several books; one being taken up with the exploits of Agamemnon, another with Diomed, another, again, with the successes of Hector: for his extensive plan required his different heroes to be shown in their different characters and attitudes. What, therefore, you allow to the old Grecian, be not so ungracious as to deny to your own countryman.

Again, it is observable that Homer's poem, though he sings the anger of Achilles, is not called the Achilleid, but the Iliad, because the action was at Troy. So Spenser does not call his Poem by the name of his chief hero, but because his chief hero fought for the Fairy Queen in Fairy Land, and therein performed his various adventures, therefore he entitles his poem The Fairy Queen. Hence it appears that the adventures of Prince Arthur are necessarily connected with the adventures of the knights of Fairy Land. This young prince has been kept hitherto in designed ignorance of what relates to his family and real dignity: his education, under old Timon and the magician Merlin, was to prepare him for future glory; but as yet his virtues have not been called forth into action. The Poet, therefore, by bringing you acquainted with some of the heroes of Fairy Land, at the same time that he is bringing you acquainted with his chief hero, acts agreeably to his extensive plan, without destroying the unity of the action. The only fear is, lest the underplots, and the seemingly adscititious members, should grow too large for the body of the entire action; it is requisite, therefore, that the several incidental intrigues should be unravelled, as we proceed in getting nearer and nearer to the main plot, and that we at length gain an uninterrupted view at once of the whole. And herein I cannot help admiring the resemblance between the ancient father of poets and Spenser; who, clearing the way by the solution of intermediate plots and incidents, brings you nearer to his capital piece, and then shows his hero at large: and when Achilles once enters the field, the other Greeks are lost in

of it; and indeed the whole frame of it would appear monstrous, if it were to be examined by the rules of epic poetry, as they have been drawn from the practice of Homer and Virgil: but as it is plain the

his splendor, as the stars at the rising of the sun. So when Prince Arthur had been perfected in heroic and moral virtues, and his fame thoroughly known and recognized in Fairy Land, him we should have seen not only dissolving the enchantment of the witch Duessa, (an adventure too hard for the single prowess of St. George) but likewise binding, in adamant chains, or delivering over to utter perdition, that old wizard Archimago, the common enemy of Fairy knights, whom no chains as yet could hold: in short, him should we have seen eclipsing all the other heroes, and, in the end, accompanied with the Fairy knights, making his solemn entry into the presence of Gloriana, the Fairy Queen: and thus his merits would have entitled him to that glory which, by magnificence or magnanimity, the perfection of all the rest of the virtues, he justly had acquired.

It seems, by some hints given us by the Poet, that he intended likewise an heroic poem, whose title was to be King Arthur, and the chief subject of the poem the wars of the King and Queen of Fairy Land (now governed by Arthur and Gloriana) against the Paynim king: the chief captains employed were to be those Fairy knights, whom already he had brought us acquainted with; and the historical allusions undoubtedly would point, in the allegorical view, at the wars that Q. Elizabeth waged with the King of Spain, as the Fairy knights would typically represent her warlike courtiers. This seems plain from what St. George says to Una's parents, in B. I. C. xii. St. 18.

I bownden am streight after this emprise-----
Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
And her to serve fixe yeares in warlike wize
Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene,

And plainer still from what the Poet says in his own person, in B. I. C. xi. St. 7.

Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fit asyde,
Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing;
And Bryton fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
Twixt that great Faery Queene and Paynim king.

Dryden tells us, in his preface to the translation of Juvenal, that he had some thoughts of making choice, for the subject of an heroic poem, King Arthur's conquests over the

Author never designed it by those rules, I think it ought rather to be considered as a poem of a particular kind, describing, in a series of Allegorical adventures or episodes, the most noted virtues and vices. To

Saxons: and hinting at the same design in the preface to his Fables, says, "That it was not for this noble knight [meaning Sir R. Blackmore] that he drew the plan of an epic poem on King Arthur." Milton likewise had the same intention, as he intimates in a Latin poem to Manus.

*Si quando indigenas revocabo in carmina reges,
Arturumque etiam sub terris bella moventem;
Aut dicam invictæ sociali foedere mensæ
Magnanimos heros; et, O modo spiritus adsit,
Frangam Saxonicas Britonum sub Marte phalanges.*

We have shown that the action of the Fairy Queen is uniform, great, and important; but it is required that the fable should be probable. A story will have probability, if it hangs well together, and is consistent; and, provided the tales are speciously told, the probability of them will not be destroyed though they are tales of wizards or witches, monstrous men and monstrous women; for who, but downright miscreants, question wonderful tales? and do you imagine that Homer, Virgil, Spenser, and Milton, ever thought of writing an epic poem for unbelievers and infidels? But if, after all, the reader cannot with unsuspecting credulity swallow all these marvellous tales, what should hinder the poet, but want of art, from so contriving his fable, that more might be meant than meets the eye or ear? cannot he say one thing in proper numbers and harmony, and yet secretly intend something else? or, (to use a Greek expression) cannot he make the fable allegorical? Thus forms and persons might be introduced, shadowing forth, and emblematically representing, the mysteries of physical and moral sciences: Virtue and Truth may appear in their original ideas and lovely forms; and even Vice might be decked out in some kind of dress, resembling Beauty and Truth; lest, if seen without any disguise, she appear too loathsome for mortal eyes to behold her.

It must be confessed that the religion of Greece and Rome was particularly adapted to whatever figurative turn the poet intended to give it; and even philosophers mixed mythology with the gravest subjects of theology. Hesiod's Generation of the Gods, is properly the generation of the world, and a history of natural philosophy: he gives life, energy, and form, to all the visible and invisible parts of the universe, and almost to all the powers and faculties of the ima-

compare it, therefore, with the models of Antiquity, would be like drawing a parallel between the Roman and the Gothic architecture. In the first there is, doubtless, a more natural grandeur and simplicity; in

gination: in a word, his poem is "a continued allegory." When every part, therefore, of the universe was thought to be under the particular care of a tutelar deity; when not only the sun, moon, and planets, but mountains, rivers, and groves, nay, even virtues, vices, accidents, qualities, &c. were the objects of veneration and of religious dread, there was no violation given to public belief, if the poet changed his metaphor, or rather continued it, in an allegory. Hence Homer, instead of saying that Achilles, had not wisdom checked him, would have slain Agamemnon, continues the metaphor, and, consistent with his religion, brings Minerva, the goddess of Wisdom, down from heaven, on purpose to check the rage of the angry hero. On the same system is founded the well-known fable of Prodicus; and the picture of Cebes is a continued allegory, containing the most interesting truths relating to human life.

As it is necessary that the poet should give his work all that variety which is consistent with its nature and design, so his allegory might be enlarged and varied by his pointing at historical events under concealed names; and while his story is told consistent, emblematically and typically, some historical characters and real transactions might be signified. Thus, though in one sense you are in Fairy Land, yet in another you may be in the British dominions.

And here, methinks, a fair opportunity offers of laying before the reader, at one view, some of the historical allusions that lie concealed in this mystical Poem. That there are historical allusions in this Poem Spenser himself tells us: "In that Faery Queene (says he, in his letter to Sir Walter Raleigh) I mean Glory, in my general intention; but in my particuler, I conceive the most excellent and glorious person of our Sovereaine the Queene, and her kingdome in Faery Land." So in his Introduction to the Second Book, St. 4

Of Faery Lond yet if he more inquire
By certaine signes here set in sundry place
He may it find-----

And thou, O fairest princeesse under sky,
In this fayre mirrhour maist behold thy face;
And thine owne realmes in lond of Faery,
And in this antique image thy great ancestry.

the latter we find great mixtures of beauty and barbarism, yet assisted by the invention of a variety of inferior ornaments; and though the former is more majestic in the whole, the latter may be very surprising and agreeable in its parts.

So, likewise, in his Introduction to the Third Book, St. 3.

But, O dredd soveraigne,
Thus far forth pardon, sith that choicest witt
Cannot your glorious pourtrait figure playne,
That I in colourd shewes may shadow itt,
And antique praises unto present persons sitt.

This subject I formerly mentioned in a letter to Mr. West, concerning a new edition of Spenser; and from that letter I shall here borrow what is to my present purpose, adding some things, and altering others.

What reader is ignorant that kingdoms are often imaged by their arms and ensigns? When, therefore, I suppose the Lion, Una's defender, to be the Defender of the Faith, our English King, I make no question but this will be as readily allowed me, as when I suppose the Raven, the Danish arms, to stand for the Dane himself.

Ne shall the Saxons selves all peaceably
Enjoy the crowne-----
There shall a Raven far from rising sunne
With his wide wings upon them fiercely fly.

Bi. III. C. iii. St. 46.

Thus, in the Ruines of Time,

What now is of th' Assyrian Lyonsesse,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian Beares outrageousnesse,
Whose memory is quite worne out with yeares?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought heares
That over-ran the East with greedy powre,
And lest his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

The Assyrian Lyonsesse images the Assyrian and Chaldean empire. Daniel vii. 4. *The first was like a Lion* [the Assyrian and Chaldean empire.] *A second like a Bear* [the Persian.] *Another like a Leopard* [Alexander King of Macedon.] His Whelps, his captains who divided among themselves the vast empires that he had conquered. From considering arms and ensigns, imaging kingdoms and knights, I found out, as I

It may seem strange, indeed, since Spenser appears to have been well acquainted with the best writers of Antiquity, that he has not imitated them in the structure of his story. Two reasons may be given for

thought, the clew, directing me to the allusion of *the Babe's bloody hands*; the adventure of the second day, assigned to Sir Guyon. He is called *the bloody-handed babe*, and hence *Ruddymane*, B. II. C. iii. St. 2. And this will appear from Spenser's words in his View of Ireland, "The Irish under Oneal cry *Launderg-abo*, that is, *the bloody hand*, which "is Oneal's badge." The rebellion of the Oneals seems to be imaged in this episode: they all drank so deep of the charm and venom of Acrasia, that their blood was infected with secret filth. B. II. C. ii. St. 4. The ungovernable tempers of the Oneals hurried them into constant insurrections, as may be seen in Cambden's Account of the Rebellion of the Irish Oneals. But to make this historical allusion still clearer, I will cite a passage from Cambden, in the life of Q. Elizabeth, anno 1567. "Thus did Shan Oneal come to "his bloody end; a man he was who had stained his hands "with blood, and dealt in all the pollutions of unchaste embraces.—The children he left by his wife were Henry and "Shan; but he had several more by O-donell's wife, and "others of his mistresses." His wife Spenser has introduced in B. II. C. i. St. 35. &c. The Lion, in B. V. C. vii. St. 16. points out a British king, and particularly the king mentioned in B. III. C. iii. St. 29. Mercilla, who is attended by a Lion, in B. V. C. ix. St. 33. is Q. Elizabeth, and the lady brought to the bar Mary Q. of Scots. Her two paramours, faithless Blandamour and Paridel, are the Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland. Blandamour is plainly the Earl of Northumberland, because the Poet calls him, in B. V. C. i. St. 35. 'The Hot-Spurre youth,' which was the well-known name of the young Percy in the reign of King Henry IV. In some places of his Poem he has given us the very names without any disguise; thus he mentions Sir Bourbon, B. V. C. xi. St. 52. and Belge, B. V. C. x. St. 6. Somewhat covertly Irene is expressed, which in the Notes we have supposed to be the same as Ierne. Philip King of Spain is often characterised. Arthegal is Arthur Lord Grey of Wilton; the Earl of Essex is imaged in Sir Guyon; Dr. Whitgift, his some time tutor, in the reverend Palmer; Sir Satyrane is Sir John Perrot, whose behaviour, though honest, yet was too coarse and rude for a court: *esse quam videri bonus malebat*. It was well known that he was a son of Henry VIII.; and this is plainly alluded to in B. I. C. vi. St. 21, 22. But of all the historical characters here deline-

this: the first is, that at the time when he wrote, the Italian poets, whom he has chiefly imitated, and who were the first revivers of this art among the Moderns, were in the highest vogue, and were universally read

ated, the most striking seems that of Sir Walter Raleigh, whom we may trace almost in every adventure of the gentle Squire Timias; and whose name [*ὁ ΤΙΜΙΟΣ*] points out Spenser's honoured friend. Unfortunate man! to fall under the displeasure of Belphoebe, the Virgin Queen! How could he presume to carry on a criminal amour with any one of her maids of honour?

Is this the faith? she said-----and said no more,
But turn'd her face, and fled away for evermore.

B. IV. C. vii. St. 7.

This lady he afterwards married: she was a daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, and it seems to me that her story is shadowed in B. IV. C. vii. where 'Amoret is rapt by 'greedy Lust.' The calumny and slander that beset her is imaged in St. 23, &c. This same lady, likewise, is typically shown in Serena, though he designedly perplexes the story, and makes her beloved by Sir Calepine, as he makes Amoret beloved by Sir Scudamore. If the reader cannot see through these disguises, he will see nothing but the dead letter. Serena is carried to the hermit's cell, together with the gentle Squire, to be healed of their wounds, inflicted on them by the rancorous tooth of Calumny and Scandal. 'Tis not to be supposed that Sir P. Sidney was forgotten, whom I think we may discover in the Knight of Courtesy. Perhaps Marinel, who has his name from the sea, was intended to represent, in some particulars, the Lord High Admiral the Lord Howard. I cannot find any other Fairy knight to whom properly might be applied what Spenser says in his Sonnet prefixed to this Poem;

Thy praises everlasting monument
Is in this verse engraven seemblably,
That it may live to all posterity.

By this expression, "in this verse engraven seemblably," he cannot mean "in this Sonnet;" for the word *seemblably*, I think, has reference to that historical resemblance that these imaginary beings in Fairy Land bore to those real heroes of Queen Elizabeth's court. There are other allusions of a like complicated nature. Belvoir Castle (so named from the fair and extensive view of the country all around) seems not obscurely intimated in B. VI. C. xii. St. 3.

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and admired: but the chief reason was, probably, that he chose to frame his Fable after a model which might give the greatest scope to that range of fancy which was so remarkably his talent. There is a bent in na-

Unto the Castle of Belgard her brought,
Whereof was Lord the good Sir Bellamoure.

Allusions of a political nature require still a more delicate touch; and as times and circumstances altered during the first planning of the Poem and the publishing of it, so the Poet was obliged, in this particular scheme, to alter likewise, and to complicate and perplex the allusions. Methinks when I see Braggadochio, and his buffoon servant Trompart repulsed by Belpheobe, I cannot help thinking them proper types of the Duke of Anjou and of Simier. Several of these kind of typical allusions are pointed out, particularly in the Notes on the Fifth Book; and these, I am persuaded, will appear very far-fetched to any one who pays but little regard to the doctrine of types, symbols, and figurative representations; while others will rather wonder that the subject is not pursued much further. It may reasonably be supposed, if Amoret and Florimel, in some particulars, are the types of Mary Queen of Scots, political reasons might oblige Spenser to abuse her under the character of Duessa in the Fifth Book, which was published some years after the three First Books. Amoret was Belpheobe's sister, [B. III. C. vi.] and Queen Elizabeth addressed the Queen of Scots always with the title of Sister. How is it then contrary to the decorum of this Poem to suppose, that by the cruel treatment of Amoret by Busirane is meant, not only in the general moral, the vile vassalage of Love and Beauty under the tyranny of Lust, but, in the particular historical allusion, the cruel confinement and persecutions of the Queen of Scots by the direction chiefly of Burleigh? We shall find, likewise, the historical allusions designedly perplexed, if we look for this persecuted Queen in the persecuted Florimel. See what I have remarked in a Note on B. III. C. vii. St. 27. where I suppose the flight of Florimel imaged from the flight of the Queen of Scots: both of them took refuge in a fisherman's boat; and one was treated as cruelly by her false protector Proteus, as the other by those false friends to whom she fled for protection. There are several of these typical and historical allusions (as I said above) pointed out in the Notes, and if the reader, with proper knowledge of the history of Queen Elizabeth's reign, delights in such mysterious researches, he may easily, with these hints given, pursue them further:

ture which is apt to determine men that particular way in which they are most capable of excelling; and though it is certain he might have formed a better plan, it is to be questioned whether he could have executed any other so well.

-----ne let him then admire,
But yield his sense to bee too blunt and bare,
That n'ote without an hound fine footing trace.

Introd. B. II. St. 4.

But, to proceed. Whatever ideas and conceptions the poet has, whether sublime or pathetic, or whether relative to humour or to ordinary life and manners, these he can convey only by the medium of words. It is necessary, therefore, that the poet's diction and expressions should have a kind of correspondency to his ideas; and as the painter represents objects by colours, so should the poet, by raising images and visions in the mind of the reader: he should know, likewise, how to charm the ear by the harmony of verse, as the musician by musical notes. Were I to allow, in the last of these excellencies, namely, in the power and harmony of numbers, the preference to Homer, Virgil, and Milton; yet our Poet stands unrivalled in the visionary art of bringing objects before your eyes, and making you a spectator of his imaginary representations.

I have often observed a great resemblance between Spenser and Homer, not only in the justness of their descriptions and images, but likewise in their diction, expressions, and construction. Homer's language is not a confusion of many dialects; it is the old Ionian language, as written in Homer's age: this was the ground-work; but he introduced many terminations, and many an antiquated word and spelling from the old Ionian, not then in vulgar use. The grammarians not seeing this, have, in some particulars, imagined that the poet shortened several words by abbreviating them, whereas they were the old original words brought into use; just as Spenser and Milton chose many Saxon and obsolete words and spellings, to give their poems the venerable cast of antiquity. Spenser began, in his most early writings, to affect the old English dialect; and though gently rebuked by his beloved Sidney, yet he knew, from no bad authorities, that the common idiom should be often changed for borrowed and foreign terms; and that a kind of veneration is given to antiquity even in phrases and expressions. He had not only Homer for his example, but likewise the courtly Virgil, whom Quintilian calls the greatest

It is probably for the same reason that, among the Italian poets, he rather followed Ariosto, whom he found more agreeable to his genius than Tasso, who had formed a better plan, and from whom he has

lover of antiquity; and though many of these antiquated expressions are altered by Virgil's transcribers and editors, yet still they have left us enough to judge of the truth of Quintilian's observation; and as Virgil often imitated Ennius, so did Spenser Chaucer.

Were I an admirer of the jingling sound of like endings, (as Milton calls rhyme) I could with a better grace endeavour at an apology for that kind of stanza which our Poet has chosen: however this may be offered. In the reign of Q. Elizabeth the two Orlandos, viz. the Inamorato and Furioso, together with the Gerusalem Liberato of Tasso, were read, admired, and imitated. These Italian poets wrote in stanza of eight verses, which was called the Octave rhyme, and is said to be the invention of Boccace; in this stanza the 1st, 3d, and 5th verses; the 2d, 4th, and 6th; the 7th and 8th, rhyme to each other: in this measure our Poet wrote his translation of Virgil's Gnat, and his Muiopotmos, according to the following instance;

Of all the race of silver-winged flies
Which doo possesse the empire of the aire
Betwixt the centred earth and azure skies,
Was none more favourable, nor more faire,
(Whilst Heav'n did favour his felicities)
Then Clarion, the eldest sonne and haire
Of Muscaroll, and in his father's fight
Of all alive did seeme the fairest wight.

When he fixed upon the plan of his epic poem, and intended not to be a servile imitator, he added one verse more to the above-mentioned stanza, and the closing verse, as more sonorous, he made an Alexandrine of six feet. His stanza, therefore, consists of nine verses of the Heroic kind, in which the 1st and 3d; the 2d, 4th, 5th, and 7th; the 6th, 8th, and 9th, rhyme to each other, as in the following instance;

Lo I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds weeds,
Am now enforst a farre unfitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to change mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds

only borrowed some particular ornaments; yet it is but justice to say, that his plan is much more regular than that of Ariosto. In the Orlando Furioso we every where meet with an exuberant invention, joined

To blazon broad eamongst her learned throng:
Fierce warres and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

This Alexandrine line Dryden often used, "in imitation" (as he says) of Spenser, whom he calls his Master; because "it adds a certain majesty to the verse, when it is used with judgment, and stops the sense from overflowing into another line." But Mr. Pope gives all this merit to Dryden.

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.

Imitat. of Hor. Ep. I. B. ii.

Having thus fettered himself with so many jingling terminations in one stanza, how often, of necessity, mult sense, perspicuity, and poetry, be sacrificed for the sake of a rhyme? In order, however, to make these fetters sit more easy, some expedients were thought on; and first, he intended to introduce hemistichs, in imitation of Virgil; but at present we have but a few of these broken verses, and those only in the Third Book, which I believe he designed to fill up, had he lived to have finished his Poem, just as he filled up the following in B. III. C. vi. St. 26. which stood thus in the first edition,

And after them herself eke with her went
To seeke the fugitive----

And was thus completed in the second edition,

-----both farre and nere.

Another expedient he borrowed from the old poets, that would not be allowed to the Moderns; which was to make two words, though spelt the same, yet if of different significations, to rhyme to each other. Instances are frequent in Chaucer and Gower.

But one of you, al be hym lothe or lese,
He must go pipin in an ivie lese.

Ch. Knighte's Tale, 1840-

Phoebus which is the sun hote,
That shineth upon erthe hote.

Gower, Lib. III. Fol. lxxviii. 29

with great liveliness and facility of description, yet debased by frequent mixtures of the comic genius, as well as many shocking indecorums. Besides, in the huddle and distraction of the adventures, we are for

i. e. Phoebus, which is called or named the sun, that shineth hot upon the earth. However, it is scarce allowable, though the liberty is too often taken, for two words of the same signification thus to rhyme.

The circuite whereof was a myle about,
Wallid with stone, and ditchid all about.

Ch. Knight's Tale, 1890.

But consulting other editions besides Urry's, I found the following, and true reading,

-----and ditched all without.

So in Spenser, B. I. C. xi. St. 59.

Yet is Cleopulis for earthly fame-----

The fairest peece-----

That covet in th' immortal booke of Fame-----

This error, that runs through all the old editions, is corrected from the Errata which Spenser printed at the end of his first edition. Some errors of like nature are removed, by consulting different editions, and some others from conjecture; but conjectural corrections are placed in the Notes. These faults are easily accounted for, by supposing the roving eye of the printer caught with the word either above or below, which kind of errors were frequently erred in the first printing our Poet's poem; and as they are easily discovered by their inelegance and impropriety, so when an emendation easily offers itself, I as fairly offer it again to the reader. But there are several of these idle rhymes still left untouched and uncriticised, being plainly the manufacture of the Poet: take some instances in the First Book.

And coming where the Knight in slomber lay-----

Then seemed him his lady by him lay. B. I. C. i. St. 47.

Shamefully at her rayling all the way-----

And still amidst her rayling, she did pray

That plagues and mischiefs and long misery,

Might fall on her and follow all the why.

B. I. C. iii. St. 23.

And secret poyson through their inner partes-----

She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes.

B. I. C. viii. St. 14.

the most part only amused with extravagant stories, without being instructed in any moral. On the other hand, Spenser's Fable, though often wild, is, as I have observed, always emblematical; and this may very much excuse likewise that air of romance in which he has followed the Italian author. The perpetual stories of knights, giants, castles, and enchantments, and all that train of legendary adventures, would indeed appear very trifling, if Spenser had not found a way to turn them all into Allegory, or if a less masterly hand had filled up his draught; but it is surprising to observe how much the strength of the painting is superior to the design. It ought to be considered, too, that at the time when our Author wrote, the remains of the old Gothic chivalry were

Another liberty he takes, which would be quite unpardonable, if not authorised by the old poets, and that is of altering a letter.

But temperance, said he, with golden squire
Betwixt them both can measure out a meane,
Nether to meet in pleasures whost desire-----

B. II. C. i. St. 38.

Squire is for square. So Dante uses lome for lume.

Non fiere gli occhi suoi lo dolce lome? Inferno, C. x.

He sometimes, likewise, adds a letter, and sometimes takes away a letter. Instances of these licences see in a Note on B. IV. C. xi. St. 46. and on B. V. C. vi. St. 32. Sometimes he alters the spelling, as in B. II. C. xi. St. 12.

Some mouth'd like greedily oystryges, some faste
Like loathly toades, some fashioned in the waste
Like swine-----

Faste, i. e. *faced*. And constant care was taken by the Poet, though the printer does not always follow it, that the like endings should be spelt all alike, *ſc. &c.*

not quite abolished: it was not many years before that the famous Earl of Surry, remarkable for his wit and poetry in the reign of King Henry VIII. took a romantic journey to Florence, the place of his mistress's birth, and published there a challenge against all nations in defence of her beauty. Jests and tournaments were held in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth. Sir Philip Sidney tilted at one of these entertainments, which was made for the French Ambassador, when the treaty of marriage was on foot with the Duke of Anjou: and some of our historians have given us a very particular and formal account of preparations, by marking out lists, and appointing judges, for a trial by combat, in the same reign, which was to have decided the title to a considerable estate, and in which the whole ceremony was perfectly agreeable to the fabulous descriptions in books of Knight-errantry. This might render his story more familiar to his first readers; tho' knights in armour, and ladies-errant are as antiquated figures to us, as the court of that time would appear, if we could see them now in their ruffs and fardingales.

There are two other objections to the plan of the *Fairy Queen* which, I confess, I am more at a loss to answer. I need not, I think, be scrupulous in mentioning freely the defects of a Poem which, tho' it was never supposed to be perfect, has always been allowed to be admirable.

The first is, that the scene is laid in Fairy Land, and the chief actors are Fairies. The reader may see

their imaginary race and history in Book II. at the end of Canto X.; but if he is not prepared beforehand, he may expect to find them acting agreeably to the common stories and traditions about such fancied beings. Thus Shakespeare, who has introduced them in his *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, has made them speak and act in a manner perfectly adapted to their supposed characters; but the Fairies in this Poem are not distinguished from other persons. There is this misfortune, likewise, attends the choice of such actors, that having been accustomed to conceive of them in a diminutive way, we find it difficult to raise our ideas, and to imagine a Fairy encountering with a monster or a giant. Homer has pursued a contrary method, and represented his heroes above the size and strength of ordinary men; and it is certain that the actions of the *Iliad* would have appeared but ill proportioned to the characters, if we were to have imagined them all performed by pigmies.

But as the actors our Author has chosen are only fancied beings, he might possibly think himself at liberty to give them what stature, customs, and manners, he pleased. I will not say he was in the right in this; but it is plain that by the literal sense of Fairy Land he only designed an Utopia, an imaginary place; and by his Fairies, persons of whom he might invent any action proper to humankind, without being restrained, as he must have been if he had chosen a real scene and historical characters. As for the mystical sense, it appears both by the Work itself, and by the

Author's explanation of it *, that his Fairy Land is England, and his Fairy Queen Queen Elizabeth, at whose command the adventure of every Legend is supposed to be undertaken.

The other objection is, that having chosen an historical person, Prince Arthur, for his principal hero, who is no Fairy, yet is mingled with them, he has not, however, represented any part of his history: he appears here, indeed, only in his minority, and performs his exercises in Fairy Land as a private gentleman; but we might at least have expected that the fabulous accounts of him, and of his victories over the Saxons, should have been worked into some beautiful vision or prophesy; and I cannot think Spenser would wholly omit this, but am apt to believe he had done it in some of the following Books which were lost.

In the moral introductions to every Book, many of which have a great propriety and elegance, the Author has followed the example of Ariosto. I will only beg leave to point out some of the principal beauties in each Book, which may yet more particularly discover the genius of the Author.

If we consider the First Book as an entire work of itself, we shall find it to be no irregular contrivance: there is one principal action, which is completed in Canto XII.; and the several incidents or episodes are proper, as they tend either to obstruct or promote it. The same may be said of some other of the following Books, though I think they are not so regular as this.

* Vid. Letter to Sir Walter Raleigh.

The Author has shewn judgment in making his Knight of the Red Cross, or St. George, no perfect character, without which many of the incidents could not have been represented. The character of Una, or Truth, is very properly opposed by those of Dueſſa, or Falſehood, and Archimago, or Fraud. Spenser's particular manner, which (if it may be allowed) I would call his painter-like genius, immediately shews itself in the figure of Error, who is drawn as a monster, and that of Hypocrisy as a hermit. The description of the former of these, in the mixed shape of a woman and a serpent, surrounded with her offspring, and especially that circumstance of their creeping into her mouth on the sudden light which glanced upon them from the Knight's armour, incline one to think that our great Milton had it in his eye when he wrote his famous episode of Sin and Death. The artifices of Archimago and Dueſſa, to separate the Knight from Una, are well invented, and intermingled with beautiful strokes of poetry; particularly in that episode where the magician sends one of his spirits to fetch a false dream from the house of Morpheus:

Amid the bowels of the earth full sleep
And low, where dawning day does never peep,
His dwelling is-----

Mr. Rhimer, as I remember, has, by way of comparison, collected from most of the ancient and modern poets the finest descriptions of the Night, among all which he gives the preference to the English poets: this of Morpheus, or Sleep, being a poetical subject

of the same kind, might be subjected to a like trial; and the reader may particularly compare it with that in Book XI. of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, to which, I believe, he will not think it inferior.

The miraculous incident of a tree shedding drops of blood, and a voice speaking from the trunk of it, is borrowed from that of Polidorus, in Book III. of Virgil's *Æneis*. Ariosto and Tasso have both copied the same story, though in a different manner. It was impossible that the modern poets, who have run so much into the taste of romance, should let a fiction of this kind escape their imitation.

The adventures which befall Una, after she is forsaken by the Knight; her coming to the house of Abessa, or Superstition; the consternation occasioned by that visit; her reception among the savages; and her civilizing them, are all very fine emblems. The education of Satyrane, a young Satyr, is described on this occasion with an agreeable wildness of fancy.

But there is one episode in this Book which I cannot but particularly admire; I mean that in Canto V. where Dueffa the witch seeks the assistance of Night to convey the body of the wounded Pagan to be cured by *Æsculapius* in the regions below. The Author here rises above himself, and is got into a track of imitating the Ancients, different from the greatest part of his Poem. The speech in which Dueffa addresses Night is wonderfully great, and stained with that impious flattery which is the character of Falsehood, who is the speaker:

O thou most ancient grandmother of all,
 More old than Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
 Or that great house of Gods caelestiall;
 Which wast begot in Daemogorgon's hall,
 And sawst the secrets of the world unmade!

As Deussa came away hastily on this expedition, and forgot to put off the shape of Truth, which she had assumed a little before, Night does not know her: this circumstance, and the discovery afterwards, when she owns her for her daughter, are finely emblematical. The images of Horror are raised in a very masterly manner; Night takes the witch into her chariot, and being arrived where the body lay, they alight.

And all the while she stood upon the ground,
 The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
 As giving warning of th'unwonted sound,
 With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
 And her darke grisly looke them much dismay.
 The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
 With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
 And hungry wolves continually did howle
 At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

They steal away the body, and carry it down thro' the cave Avernus, to the realms of Pluto. What strength of painting is there in the following lines!

-----On every side them stood
 The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
 Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide,
 With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
 Of feends infernall flockt on every side,
 To gaze on earthly wight, that with the Night durst ride.

Longinus, commending a description in Euripides of Phaeton's journey through the heavens, in which the turnings and windings are marked out in a very lively manner, says, That the soul of the poet seems to

mount the chariot with him, and to share all his dangers. The reader will find himself in a like manner transported throughout this whole episode, which shews that it has in it the force and spirit of the most sublime poetry.

The first appearance of Prince Arthur, in this Book, is represented to great advantage, and gives occasion to a very finished description of a martial figure. How sprightly is that image and simile in the following lines!

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bouch of heares discoloured diversly,
With sprinckled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemed to daunce for iollity;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hy
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

I must not omit mentioning the house of Pride, and that of Holiness, which are beautiful Allegories in different parts of this Book. In the former of these there is a minute circumstance which is very artificial; for the reader may observe, that the six counsellors which attend Pride in her progress, and ride on the beasts which draw her chariot, are placed in that order in which the Vices they represent naturally produce and follow each other. In the dungeon among the captives of Pride, the Poet has represented Nebuchadnezzar, Croesus, Antiochus, Alexander, and several other eminent persons, in circumstances of the utmost ignominy. The moral is truly noble; for upon

the sight of so many illustrious slaves, the Knight hastens from the place, and makes his escape.

The description of Despair in Canto IX. is that which is said to have been taken notice of by Sir Philip Sidney: but I think the speech of Despair, in which the distempered reasonings that are apt to agitate the heart of a man abandoned to this passion are so pathetically represented, is much superior to the description.

Among the Allegories in Canto X. it is impossible not to distinguish that venerable figure of Contemplation, in his hermitage on the top of a hill, represented as an old man almost wasted away in study:

With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed,
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an oke halfe ded.

The Knight and his companion inquire of him,

Is not from hence the way that leadeth right
To that most glorious house that glistreth bright
With burning starres and ever-living fire?----

This is extremely noble, as well as the old man's shewing him, from the top of the hill, the heavenly Jerusalem, which was proper to animate the hero against the combat in which he is presently after engaged: his success in that combat, and his marrying Una, are a very just conclusion of this Book, and of its chief Allegory.

It would be easy to point out many instances, besides those I have mentioned, of the beauties in this Book; yet these few will give the reader a taste of

that poetical spirit and genius for Allegory which every where shine in this Author. It would be endless to take notice of the more minute beauties of his epithets, his figures, and his similes, which occur in almost every page. I shall only mention one or two as a specimen. That image of Strength, in striking a club into the ground, which is illustrated by the following simile, is very great:

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly foud,
Enrold in flames, and smouldring drceriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten armament,
The fiers threeforked engin making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay;
And shooting in the earth castes up a mount of clay.
His boystrous club, so buried in the ground,
He could not rearen up againe, &c.

As also that of a giant's fall;

That downe he rombled; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene Steele nigh hewen be;
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

These are such passages as we may imagine our excellent Milton to have studied in this Author. And here, by the way, it is remarkable that as Spenser abounds with such thoughts as are truly sublime, so he is almost every where free from the mixture of little conceits, and that low affectation of wit which so much infected both our verse and prose afterwards, and from which scarce any writer of his own time, besides himself, was free.

I shall shorten my Remarks on the following Books; yet the beauties in them rise so thick, that I must not pass them by without mentioning some. The Second Legend is framed on the Vertue of Temperance, which gives the Author opportunity to lay out in description all the most luxurious images of pleasure, riches, and riot, which are opposed to it, and consequently makes it one of the most poetical Books of this whole Work. Sir Guyon is the hero, and the poet has given him Sobriety, in the habit of a palmer, for his guide and counsellor; as Homer has supposed Minerva or Wisdom, in the shape of Mentor, to attend Telemachus in his travels, when he is seeking out his father Ulysses. That shining description of Belphebe, as a huntress, like Venus in Virgil, appearing to her son Æneas, is designed as a compliment on Queen Elizabeth, and is therefore wrought up with the most finished beauty. Her speech in praise of that true glory which is only attained by labour and study, is not only extremely proper to the subject of this Book, but admirable, if we consider it as the sense of that Princess, and as a short character of so active and glorious a reign.

Abroad in armes, at home in studious kynd,
 Who seekes with painfull toile shal Honor soonest fynd:
 In woods, in waves, in warres, she wount to dwell,
 And will be found with perill and with paine;
 Ne can the man that moulds in ydle cell
 Unto her happy mansion attaine:
 Before her gate high God did sweate ordaine,
 And wakefull watches, ever to abide;
 But easy is the way, and passage plaine,

To Pleasure's pällage; it may soone be spide,
And day and night her dores to all stand open wide.

Such passages as these kindle in the mind a generous emulation, and are an honour to the art of poetry, which ought always to recommend worthy sentiments. The reader may see, in Canto VI. a character quite opposite to this, in that of Idleness, who draws Sir Guyon for a while from his guide, and lays him asleep in her island. Her song with which she charms him into a slumber,

Behold, O Man! that toilsome paines doest take,
The flowers, the fields, and all that pleasaunt growes, &c.

is very artfully adapted to the occasion, and is a contrast to that speech of Belphœbe I have just quoted.

The episode of Mammon, who in the palmer's absence leads Sir Guyon into his cave, and tempts him with a survey of his riches, very properly diversifies the entertainment in this Book, and gives occasion to a noble speech against riches, and the mischievous effects of them. I have, in the Discourse on Allegory, taken notice of the fiends and spectres which are placed in crowds at the entrance to this place. The Author supposes the house of Riches to lie almost contiguous to hell; and the guard he sets upon it expresses a very just moral:

Before the door sate self-consuming Care,
Day and night keeping wary watch and ward.

The light which is let into this place,

Such as a lamp, whose life doth fade away;
Or as the moon, cloathed with cloudy night.

the smokiness of it, and the slaves of Mammon working at an hundred furnaces, are all described in the most lively manner; as their sudden looking at Sir Guyon is a circumstance very naturally represented. The walks through which Mammon afterwards leads the Knight are agreeably varied. The description of Ambition, and of the garden of Proserpine, are good Allegories; and Sir Guyon's falling into a swoon on his coming into the open air, gives occasion to a fine machine of the appearance of an heavenly spirit in the next Canto, by whose assistance he is restored to the palmer.

I cannot think the Poet so successful in his description of the house of Temperance, in which the Allegory seems to be debased by a mixture of too many low images, as Diet, Concoction, Digestion, and the like, which are represented as persons: but the allegorical description of Memory, which follows soon after, is very good.

The IXth Canto, in which the Author has made an abridgment of the old British history, is a very amusing digression, but might have been more artfully introduced. Homer or Virgil would not have suffered the action of the poem to stand still whilst the hero had been reading over a book, but would have put the history into the mouth of some proper person to relate it. But I have already said that this Work is not to be examined by the strict rules of epic poetry.

The last Canto of this Second Book being designed to shew the utmost trial of the Vertue of Temperance, abounds with the most pleasurable ideas and representations which the fancy of the Poet could assemble together; but from the 38th stanza to the end, it is for the most part copied, and many whole stanzas translated from the famous episode of Armida in Tasso. The reader may observe, that the Italian genius for luxury appears very much in the descriptions of the garden, the fountain, and the nymphs; which, however, are finely amplified and improved by our English poet. I shall give but one instance in the following celebrated stanza, which, to gratify the curiosity of those who may be willing to compare the copy with the original, I shall set down in Italian.

Vezzosi Augelli, infra le verdi fronde,
 Temprano a prova lascivette Note;
 Mormora l'Aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
 Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
 Quando taccion gli Augelli, Alto risponde;
 Quando cantan gli Augeli, piu lieve scote.
 Sia caso o d'arte, hor accompagna, ed hora
 Alterna i versi lor la Musica ora.

Spenser has two stanzas on this thought, the last of which only is an imitation of Tasso, but with finer turns of the verse, which are so artificial, that he seems to make the music he describes.

Estsoones they heard a most melodious sound
 Of ail that mote delight a daintie care,
 Such as attonce might not on living ground,
 Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:

Right hard it was for wight which did it heare
 To read what manner musicke that mote bee,
 For all that pleasing is to living eare
 Was there comforted in one harmonie;
 Birdes, voices, instruments, windes, waters, all agree;
 The ioyous birdes, shrouded in chearefull shade,
 Their notes unto the voice attempted sweet;
 Th' angelicall soft-trembling voyces made
 To th' instruments divine response meet;
 The silver-sounding instruments did meet
 With the base murmure of the water's fall;
 The water's fall, with difference discrete,
 Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
 The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

Sir Guyon and the palmer, refusing the youth who was held captive by Acrasia in this delightful mansion, resembles that of the two warriors recovering Rinaldo from the charms of Armida in the Italian poem.

In the Third Book, the character of Britomartis, a lady-errant, who is the heroine, and performs the chief adventure, resembles Ariosto's Bradamante, and Tasso's Clorinda; as they are all copies of the Camilla in Virgil.

Among the chief beauties in this Book, we may reckon that episode in which Britomartis goes to the cave of Merlin, and is entertained with a propheticall account of her future marriage and offspring. This thought is remotely taken from Virgil, but more immediately from Ariosto, who has represented Bradamante on the like occasion making a visit to the tomb of Merlin, which he is forced for that purpose to suppose to be in Gaul; where she sees, in like manner, in

a vision, the heroes and captains who were to be her descendents.

The story of Marinel, and that of the birth of Belphœbe and Amoret, in which the manner of Ovid is well imitated, are very amusing. That complaint against Night, at the end of Canto IV.

Night ! thou foule mother of annoyaunce sad,
Sister of heaive Death, and nourse of Woe, &c.

though it were only considered as detached from the rest, might be esteemed a very fine piece of poetry. But there is nothing more entertaining in this whole Book than the prospect of the gardens of Adonis, which is varied from the Bower of Bliss in the former Book, by an agreeable mixture of philosophical fable. The figure of Time, walking in this garden, spoiling the beauty of it, and cutting down the flowers, is a very fine and significant Allegory.

I cannot so much commend the story of the Squire of Dames, and the intrigue between Paridel and Helenore : these passages favour too much of the coarse and comic mixtures in Ariosto : but that image of Jealousy, at the end of Canto X. grown to a savage, throwing himself into a cave, and lying there without ever shutting one eye, under a craggy clift just threatening to fall, is strongly conceived, and very poetical. There is likewise a great variety of fancy in drawing up and distinguishing, by their proper emblems, the visionary persons in the Mask of Cupid, which is one of the chief embellishments of this Book.

In the story of Cambel and Canace, in Book IV. the Author has taken the rise of his invention from the Squire's Tale in Chaucer, the greatest part of which was lost. The battle of Cambel with the three brethren, and the sudden parting of it by that beautiful machine of the appearance of Concord, who by a touch of her wand charms down the fury of the warriors, and converts them into friends, is one of the most shining passages in this Legend. We may add to this the fiction concerning the girdle of Florimel, which is a good Allegory; as also the description of Atè, or Discord; that of Care, working like a smith, and living amidst the perpetual noise of hammers; and especially the Temple of Venus, which is adorned with a great variety of fancy. The prayer of a lover in this temple, which begins,

Great Venus! queene of beauty and of grace,

is taken from Lucretius's invocation of the same goddess in the beginning of his poem, and may be reckoned one of the most elegant translations in our language. The continuation of the fable of Marinel, tho' not so strictly to the subject of this Legend, gives occasion to the Poet to introduce that admirable episode of the marriage of the Thames and the Medway, with the train of the sea-gods, nymphs, and rivers, and especially those of England and Ireland, that were present at the ceremony; all which are described with a surprising variety, and with very agreeable mixtures of geography; among which Spenser has not

forgot to mention his Mullá, the river which ran thro' his own grounds.

Besides the general morals and allegories in the Fairy Queen, there are some parallel passages and characters which, as I have said, were designed to allude to particular actions and persons; yet no part is so full of them as Book V. which being framed on the Vertue of Justice, is a kind of figurative representation of Queen Elizabeth's reign. Here we meet with her again, under the name of Mercilla; we see her sending relief to Belge, or the Netherlands, and reducing the tyrannical power of Geryoneo, or Spain. Her court and attendants are drawn with a majesty suitable to her character. The reader will easily perceive that the trial of the Queen of Scots is shadowed in Canto IX. but the Poet has avoided the catastrophe of her death, and has artfully touched on the Queen's reluctance and tenderness in that affair, by which he has turned the compliment on her justice into another on her mercy.

Talus with his iron flail, who attends Artegall, is a bold allegorical figure, to signify the execution of justice.

The next Book, which is the Sixth, is on the subject of Courtesy. I shall not prolong this Discourse to trace out particular passages in it, but only mention that remarkable one in Canto X. where the Author has introduced himself under the person of Colin Clout. That vein of pastoral which runs through this part of the Work is indeed different from the rest of the

Poem : but Tasso, in a more regular plan, has mingled the Pastoral taste with the heroic, in his representation of Erminia among the shepherds. The picture which Spenser has here given us of his mistress dancing among the Graces is a very agreeable one, and discovers all the skill of the painter, assisted by the passion of the lover.

Though the remaining Six Books, which were to have completed this beautiful and moral Poem, are lost, we have a noble fragment of them preserved in the Two Cantos of Mutability. This is, in my opinion, the most sublime and best-invented allegory in the whole Work. The Fable of Arlo-Hill, and of the river Molanna, which is a digression on this occasion, has all the beauty we admire in the Metamorphoses of Ovid : but the pedigree of Mutability, who is represented as a giantess ; her progress from the earth to the circle of the moon ; the commotion she raises there, by endeavouring to remove that planet from the sky ; and the shadow which is cast, during the attempt, on the inhabitants of the earth, are greatly imagined. We find several strains of invention in this Fable, which might appear not unworthy even of Homer himself. Jupiter is alarmed, and sends Mercury to know the reason of this strife, and to bring the offender before him. How Homer-like are those lines, after he has concluded his speech among the gods ?

So having said, he cast ; and with his brow
(His black eye-brow, whose doomfull dreaded beck
It wont to wield the world unto his vow,
And even the highest powers of heaven to check)
Made signe to them in their degrees to speake.

And afterwards;

-----With that he shooke
His nectar-deawed locks, with which the skyes
And all the world beneath for terror quooke,
And eft his burning levin-brond in hand he tooke.

The simile, likewise, in which the gods are represented
looking on Mutability with surprise,

-----Like a sort of steeres,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and forraigne race
Unwares is chaunc't, far straying from his peeres, &c.

is very much in the simplicity of that old father of
heroic poetry. Mutability appeals from Jupiter to
Nature, before whom she obtains a hearing. The
Poet on this occasion has, with a most abundant fancy,
drawn out to a review the four Seasons, the Months,
Day, and Night, the Hours, Life and Death; Change
asserts her dominion over them all, and over the hea-
vens themselves: all creatures are represented look-
ing up in the face of Nature, in expectation of the
sentence. The conclusion is great, and contains a
noble moral; that though all things are varied, and
shift their forms, they do not perish, but return to
their first beings; and that Mutability only shall be
at last entirely destroyed, and the time shall come in
which Change shall be no more.

I have not yet said any thing concerning Spenser's
Versification, in which, though he is not always equal
to himself, it may be affirmed that he is superior to all
his cotemporaries, and even to those that followed him
for some time, except Fairfax, the applauded trans-
lator of Tasso. In this he commendably studied the
Italians, and must be allowed to have been a great

improver of our English numbers: before his time music seems to have been so much a stranger to our poetry, that, excepting the Earl of Surry's Lyrics, we have very few examples of verses that had any tolerable cadence. In Chaucer there is so little of this, that many of his lines are not even restrained to a certain number of syllables. Instances of this loose verse are likewise to be found in our Author, but it is only in such places where he has purposely imitated Chaucer, as in the Second Eclogue, and some others. This great defect of harmony put the wits in Queen Elizabeth's reign upon a design of totally changing our numbers, not only by banishing rhyme, but by new-moulding our language into the feet and measures of the Latin poetry. Sir Philip Sidney was at the head of this project, and has accordingly given us some Hexameter and Pentameter verses in his *Arcadia*: but the experiment soon failed; and though our Author, by some passages in his Letters to Mr. Harvey, seems not to have disapproved it, yet it does not appear, by those Poems of his which are preserved, that he gave it any authority by his example.

As to the Stanza in which the Fairy Queen is written, though the Author cannot be commended for his choice of it, yet it is much more harmonious in its kind than the heroic verse of that age: it is almost the same with what the Italians call their *Ottave Rime*, which is used both by Ariosto and Tasso, but improved by Spenser, with the addition of a line more in the close, of the length of our Alexandrines. The

defect of it in long or narrative poems is apparent : the same measure, closed always by a full stop, in the same place, by which every stanza is made as it were a distinct paragraph, grows tiresome by continual repetition, and frequently breaks the sense, when it ought to be carried on without interruption. With this exception the reader will, however, find it harmonious, full of well-sounding epithets, and of such elegant turns on the thought and words, that Dryden,* himself owns he learned these graces of verse chiefly from our Author, and does not scruple to say, that “ in this particular only Virgil surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr. Waller among the English.”

* Dedication to Juvenal.

REMARKS

ON THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, &c.

IN the Remarks on the Fairy Queen I have chiefly considered our Author as an Allegorical writer, and his Poem as framed after a model of a particular kind. In some of his other writings we find more regularity, tho' less invention. There seems to be the same difference between the Fairy Queen and the Shepherd's Calendar, as between a royal palace and a little country-seat. The first strikes the eye with more magnificence, but the latter may perhaps give the greatest pleasure. In this Work the Author has not been misled by the Italians, tho' Tasso's *Aminta* might have been at least of as good authority to him in the Pastoral, as Ariosto in the greater kind of poetry: but Spenser rather chose to follow Nature itself, and to paint the life and sentiments of shepherds after a more simple and unadorned manner.

The two things which seem the most essential to Pastoral, are love, and the images of a country life; and to represent these, our Author had little more to do than to examine his own heart, and to copy the scene about him; for at the time when he wrote the Shepherd's Calendar he was a passionate lover of his *Rosalind*: and it appears that the greatest part of it, if not the whole, was composed in the country on his first leaving the University, and before he had engaged in business, or filled his mind with the thoughts of preferment in a life at Court. Perhaps, too, there is a certain age most proper for Pastoral writing; and

tho' the same genius should arise afterwards to greater excellencies, it may grow less capable of this: accordingly in the poem called Colin Clout's Come Home Again, which was written a considerable time after, we find him less a shepherd than at first: he had then been drawn out of his retirement, had appeared at Court, and been engaged in an employment which brought him into a variety of business and acquaintance, and gave him a quite different set of ideas: and tho' this poem is not without its beauties, yet what I would here observe is, that in the Pastoral kind it is not so simple and unmix'd; and, consequently, not so perfect, as the Eclogues, of which I have perhaps given the reason.

But I am sensible that what I have mentioned as a beauty in Spenser's Pastorals, will not seem so to all readers, and that the simplicity which appears in them may be thought to have too much of the *merum rus*. If our Author has erred in this, he has at least erred on the right hand. The true model of Pastoral writing seems indeed not to be yet fixed by the critics, and there is room for the best judges to differ in their opinions about it: those who would argue for the simplicity of Pastoral, may say that the very idea of this kind of writing is the representation of a life of retirement and innocence, made agreeable by all those pleasures and amusements which the fields, the woods, and the various seasons of the year, afford to men who live according to the first dictates of Nature, and without the artificial cares and refinements

which wealth, luxury, and ambition, by multiplying both our wants and enjoyments, have introduced among the rich and the polite: that, therefore, as the images, similies, and allusions, are to be drawn from the scene, so the sentiments and expressions ought no where to taste of the City or the Court, but to have such a kind of plain elegance only, as may appear proper to the life and characters of the persons introduced in such poems; that this simplicity, skilfully drawn, will make the picture more natural, and, consequently, more pleasing; that even the low images in such a representation are amusing, as they contribute to deceive the reader, and make him fancy himself really in such a place, and among such persons as are described; the pleasure in this case being like that expressed by Milton of one walking out into the fields:

.....Who long in populous cities pent,
Where houses thick, and sewers annoy the air,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural smell.

This, indeed, seems to be the true reason of the entertainment which Pastoral poetry gives to its readers; for as mankind is departed from the simplicity, as well as the innocence, of a state of Nature, and is immersed in cares and pursuits of a very different kind, it is a wonderful amusement to the imagination to be sometimes transported, as it were, out of modern life, and to wander in these pleasant scenes which the Pastoral poets provide for us, and in which we are

apt to fancy ourselves reinstated for a time in our first innocence and happiness.

Those who argue against the strict simplicity of Pastoral writing, think there is something too low in the characters and sentiments of mere shepherds to support this kind of poetry, if not raised and improved by the assistance of art; or, at least, that we ought to distinguish between what is simple and what is rustic, and take care that while we represent shepherds, we do not make them clowns: that it is a mistake to imagine that the life of shepherds is incapable of any refinement, or that their sentiments may not sometimes rise above the country. To justify this, they tell us that we conceive too low an idea of this kind of life, by taking it from that of modern shepherds, who are the meanest and poorest sort of people among us: but in the first ages of the world it was otherwise; that persons of rank and dignity honoured this employment; that shepherds were the owners of their own flocks; and that David was once a shepherd, who became afterwards a king, and was himself, too, the most sublime of poets. Those who argue for the first kind of Pastoral, recommend Theocritus as the best model; and those who are for the latter, think that Virgil, by raising it to a higher pitch, has improved it. I shall not determine this controversy, but only observe that the Pastorals of Spenser are of the former kind.

It is for the same reason that the language of the Shepherd's Calendar, which is designed to be rural,

is older than that of his other poems. Sir Philip Sidney, however, tho' he commends this Work in his Apology for Poetry, censures the rusticity of the style as an affectation not to be allowed. The Author's professed veneration for Chaucer partly led him into this; yet there is a difference among the Pastorals, and the reader will observe, that the language of the Fifth and Eighth is more obsolete than that of some others; the reason of which might be, that the design of those two Eclogues being Allegorical satire, he chose a more antiquated dress, as more proper to his purpose: but however faulty he may be in the excess of this, it is certain that a sprinkling of the rural phrase, as it humours the scene and characters, has a very great beauty in Pastoral poetry; and of this any one may be convinced, by reading the Pastorals of Mr. Philips, which are written with great delicacy of taste, in the very spirit and manner of Spenser.

Having said that Spenser has mingled satire in some of his Eclogues, I know not whether this may not be another objection to them: it may be doubted whether any thing of this kind should be admitted to disturb the tranquillity and pleasure which should everywhere reign in Pastoral poems; or at least nothing should be introduced more than the light and pleasant raileries or contentions of shepherds about their flocks, their mistresses, or their skill in piping and singing. I cannot wholly justify my Author in this; yet must say, that the excellency of the moral in those Pastorals does, in a great measure, excuse his transgressing

the strict rules of criticism: besides, as he designed, under an Allegory, to censure the vicious lives of bad priests, and to expose their usurpation of pomp and dominion, nothing could be more proper to this purpose than the Allegory he has chosen; the Author of our holy religion having himself dignified the parable of a good Shepherd; and the natural innocence, simplicity, vigilance, and freedom from ambition, which are the characters of that kind of life, being a very good contrast to the vices and luxury, and to that degeneracy from their first pattern, which the Poet would there reprehend.

I have already mentioned the poem called *Colia Clout's Come Home Again*, which, tho' not so perfectly pastoral as the *Shepherd's Calendar*, is yet very agreeable and amusing. In this piece the Author has taken occasion to celebrate the reigning wits and beauties of that age; but time has blended them both in that common obscurity, that we can trace out but few of them by their true names. The reader will perceive, that by the Shepherd of the Ocean is meant Sir Walter Raleigh, who, as I have said in the *Life of the Author*, was newly become Spenser's friend, and was at that time rising into great favour at Court. The name of Cynthia, given to Queen Elizabeth, is the same under which Raleigh himself had celebrated her in a poem commended more than once by our Author. By *Astrophel* is meant Sir Philip Sidney, who died about four years before this poem was written; by *Urania*, his sister, the Countess of Pem-

broke; by Stella, the Lady Rich, whom Sidney himself has celebrated in his Poems; and by Mansilia, the Marchioness of Northampton; Mr. Daniel, the poet and historian, is mentioned by his own name; as also William Alabaster, the author of a poem called *Eliseis*, on which Spenser has bestowed such unparalleled praises, that I wish I could give the reader any further information about it, than only that this person is likewise mentioned by Anthony Wood in his *Athenæ Oxonienses*, who says he left a Latin poem, under that title, unfinished at his death; but I do not find it has ever been published.

In the poem called *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, we have a specimen of our Author's genius in satire, a talent he very seldom exercised. This Fable is after the old manner of Chaucer, of whom it is an excellent imitation, and perhaps the antiquated style has no ill effect in improving the humour of the story. The morality of it is admirable. Every one will observe that keenness of wit with which he has represented the arts of ill courtiers. In the description of a good courtier, which is so finely set off by the contrary characters, it is believed the Author had in his view Sir Philip Sidney, of whom this seems to be a very just as well as beautiful picture.

There are several other pieces of our Author which appear not unworthy of the same genius, especially that admirable *Epithalamion* on his own marriage; his *Hymns*; his *Daphnida*; and his *Elegies* on Sir Philip Sidney: but these I shall leave to the reader's

own observation, and only say something of the Sonnets, a species of poetry so entirely disused, that it seems to be scarce known among us at this time. Here, again, we find our Author copying the Italians. The Sonnet consists, generally, of one thought, and that always turned in a single stanza of fourteen lines, of the length of our Heroics, the rhyme being interchanged alternately; and in this it differs from the Canzone, which are not confined to any number of lines or stanzas. The famous Petrarch is the original of this kind of little odes, and has filled a whole book with them in honour of his Laura, with whom he was in love, as himself tells us *, for twenty-one years, and whose death he lamented, with the same zeal, for ten years afterwards. The uncommon ardour of his passion, as well as the fineness of his wit and language, established him the master of love-poetry among the Moderns. Accordingly we find his manner of writing copied soon after by the wits of Spain, France, and England, and the Sonnet grown so much into fashion, that Sidney himself, who had written a great number on his beloved Stella, has pleasantly rallied his cotemporaries in the following one, which, for the sprightliness of it, and the beautiful turn in the close, the reader may not be displeased to find here inserted,

- * Tennemì amor anni venet'uno ardendo
Lieto nel foco, e nel duol pien di speme;
Poi che Madonna, e'l mio cor seco infeme
Seltro al Ciel, dieci altri anni piangendo, &c.

Sonnetto 312.

You that do search for ev'ry purling stream,
 Which from the root of old Parnassus flows,
 And ev'ry flower, not sweet perhaps, which grows
 Near thereabouts, into your poems wring ;
 You that do dictionaries' method bring
 Into your rhymes, running in rattling rows ;
 You that poor Petrarch's long-deceased woes
 With new-born sighs and wit disguised sing,
 You take wrong ways : those far-fetch'd helps be such
 As do bewray a want of inward touch,
 And sure at length stoll'n goods do come to light :
 But if, both for your love and skill, your name
 You seek to nurse at the full breasts of Fame,
 Stella behold, and then begin to indite.

I have the rather set down the foregoing lines, because
 the thought they are turned upon is likewise the rule
 for this kind of writings, which are only recommended
 by their natural tenderness, simplicity, and correct-
 ness. Most of Spenser's Sonnets have this beauty.
 Milton has writ some, both in Italian and English,
 and is, I think, the last who has given us any example
 of them in our own language.

As for the poem called Britain's Ida, tho' it has
 formerly appeared with our Author's works, and is
 therefore now reprinted, I am apt to believe, notwith-
 standing the opinion of its first publisher, that it is
 not Spenser's.

I shall only add a few words concerning the edition
 in which these several pieces now appear. It is hoped
 the reader will find it much more correct than some
 former editions. The Shepherd's Calendar had been
 so extremely corrupted, that it is now in a manner
 wholly restored. Care has been taken not only to col-
 lect every thing of this Author which has appeared

before, and to preserve the Text entire, but to follow likewise, for the most part, the old spelling. This may be thought, by some, too strict and precise; yet there was a necessity for it, not only to shew the true state of our language, as Spenser wrote it, but to keep the exact sense, which would sometimes be changed by the variation of a syllable or a letter. It must be owned, however, that Spenser himself is irregular in this, and often writes the same word differently, especially at the end of a line, where, according to the practice of that age, he frequently alters the spelling for the sake of the rhyme, and even sometimes only to make the rhyme appear more exact to the eye of the reader. In this the old editions are not every where followed; but when the sense is rendered obscure by such alterations, the words are restored to their proper orthography.

The Glossary †, which is here added, contains the greatest part of the old or obscure words, some of which, for the satisfaction of the curious, are illustrated by their etymologies: yet I must observe, that in this way of explaining the language of an author, there is need of great caution; for words are often varied by time from their original sense, as tides from the sea wear away their first tincture by the length of their course, and by mingling with the fresh waters that fall in with them. Spenser's old words are of a mixed derivation, from the Latin, Saxon, Runick, French, and German languages; many of these he

† See Advertisement, p. 38.

received from Chaucer, and many others are of his own making. He likewise uses the same word in different senses; so that it would not be sufficient to explain him by the help of dictionaries only, without permitting him to be his own interpreter. The liberty he has taken is indeed very great, and the poetical licences, such as lengthening or contracting words, by the adding or dropping a syllable, (a practice he seems to have learned from the Italians) would be unpardonable in a writer of less merit: yet, with all its imperfections, it must be said that his diction is, for the most part, strong, significant, and harmonious, and much more sublime and beautiful than that of any English poet who had written before him.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN this edition of *Spenser's Works*, the Text of *The Faery Queene* is printed from the 4to of 1758, by Mr. Upton, Prebendary of Rochester, and Rector of Great Rissington in Gloucestershire, who informs the reader in his Preface, p. 40, 41, that he "Never had but one scheme in publishing this Poem, and that was, to print the Context as the Author gave it, and to reserve for the Notes all kind of conjectural emendations.—The reader will be pleased to remember, that the spelling is not the Editor's, but the Poet's; nor will he be surprised to see it so different from his own times, if he is at all acquainted with our old English writers, who sometimes consulted etymology, sometimes vulgar pronunciation, and oftentimes varied from themselves in spelling the same word.—Spenser was so careful to preserve the old spelling, that in the Errata he orders renowned to be spelt renowned."—And indeed this attention to Spenser's own spelling seems indispensably necessary, "not only to shew the true state of our language as Spenser wrote it, but to keep the exact sense, which would sometimes be changed by the variation of a syllable or a letter," as Mr. Hughes very properly observes, Preface to 12mo edition, p. III.—To Mr. Upton's spelling, therefore, we have adhered; and, in the general, have also followed his pointing, from which no deviations are made, excepting in cases where

the Author's meaning and sense was either obscured or perverted by the use of false points, of which many examples will be found, if the reader compares this with the edition by Mr. Upton, or indeed any prior editions of Spenser.—The small letter after the point or full stop, when that occurs in the middle of the verse, has been rejected, and the capital letter restored, for which we have the authority of some of the folios, as well as the later edition of Spenser by Hughes: the practice, indeed, is neither useful to the reader nor ornamental to the book.—In order, as far as was practicable, to preserve an equality amongst the volumes as to thickness, it was found necessary to annex the Glossary to the eighth and last volume of this edition; and as this Glossary is taken partly from that of Hughes, and partly from that of Upton, including the words omitted in either, it will be found more comprehensive, as to the number of words explained, than any former Glossary to Spenser's Works.

Jan. 1778.

H ij

A LETTER OF THE AUTHOR'S,

*Expounding his whole intention in the course of this Worke;
which, for that it giueth great light to the Reader, for
the better understanding is hereunto annexed.*

To the Right Noble and Valorous

SIR WALTER RALEIGH, KNT.

*Lord Wardens of the Stanneries and her Maiestie's lief-
tenaunt of the County of Cornewayll.*

SIR, knowing how doubtfully all Allegories may be construed, and this booke of mine, which I haue entituled The Faery Queene, being a continued Allegory, or darke conceit, I haue thought good, as well for auoyding of gealous opinions and misconstructions, as also for your better light in reading thereof, (being so by you commanded) to discouer unto you the general intention and meaning, which in the whole course thereof I haue fashioned, without expressing of any particular purposes, or by-accidents, therein occasioned. The general end, therefore, of all the booke is to fashion a gentleman or noble person in vertuous and gentle discipline: which for that I conceived shoulde be most plausible and pleasing, being coloured with an historical fiction, the which the most part of men delight to read, rather for variety of matter, then for profite of the ensample, I chose the historye of King

Arthure, as most fitte for the excellency of his person, being made famous by many mens former workes, and also furthest from the daunger of enuy, and suspection of present time. In which I haue followed all the antique poets historicall; first Homere, who in the person of Agamemnon and Ulysses hath ensampled a good gouernour and a vertuous man, the one in his Ilias, the other in his Odysses; then Virgil, whose like intention was to doe in the person of Æneas; after him Ariosto comprised them both in his Orlando; and lately Tasso disseuered them again, and formed both parts in two persons, namely, that part which they in philosophy call Ethice, or Vertues of a private man, coloured in his Rinaldo; the other named Politice, in his Godfredo. By ensample of which excellent poets, I labour to pourtraict in Arthure, before he was king, the image of a braue knight, perfected in the twelue priuate morall vertues, as Aristotle hath deuised; the which is the purpose of these first twelue bookes: which if I finde to be well accepted, I may be perhaps encouraged to frame the other part of pollicicke vertues in his person, after that hee came to be king. To some I know this methode will seem displeasaut, which had rather haue good discipline deliuered plainly in way of precepts, or sermoned at large, as they use, then thus clowdily enwrapped in allegorical deuises. But such, me seeme, should be satisfide with the use of these days, seeing all things accounted by their shewes, and nothing esteemed of, that is not delight-

full and pleasing to commune scence. For this cause is Xenophon preferred before Plato, for that the one, in the exquisite depth of his iudgement, formed a commune-welth, such as it should be; but the other in the person of Cyrus, and the Persians, fashioned a gouernment such as might best be: so much more profitable and gracious is doctrine by ensample then by rule. So haue I laboured to doe in the person of Arthure: whom I conceiue, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin deliuered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to haue seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty rauished, he awaking resolu'd to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon thoroughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery Land. In that Faery Queene I meane Glory in my generall intention, but in my particular I conceiue the most excellent and glorious person of our soueraine the Queene, and her kingdom in Faery Land. And yet in some places els, I do otherwise shadow her. For considering she beareth two persons, the one of a most royal queene or empresse, the other of a most vertuous and beautifull lady, this latter part in some places I doe expresse in Belphebe, fashioning her name according to your owne excellent conceipt of Cynthia: Phœbe and Cynthia being both names of Diana. So in the person of Prince Arthure I sette forth magnificence in particular, which vertue for that (according to Aristotle and

the rest) it is the perfection of all the rest, and containeth in it them all, therefore in the whole course I mention the deeds of Arthure applyable to that vertue, which I write of in that booke. But of the xii other vertues, I make xii other knights the patrones, for the more variety of the history: of which these three bookes contain three.

The first of the Knight of the Red-crosse, in whom I expresse Holynes: The seconde of Sir Guyon, in whome I sette forth Temperaunce: The third of Britomartis a lady-knight, in whome I picture Chastity. But because the beginning of the whole worke seemeth abrupte, and as depending upon other antecedents; it needs that ye know the occasion of these three knights severall adventures. For the methode of a poet historical is not such, as of an historiographer. For an historiographer discourseth of assayres orderly as they were donne, accounting as well the times as the actions; but a poet thrusteth into the middest, even where it most concerneth him, and there recouring to the thinges forepaste, and divining of thinges to come, maketh a pleasing analysis of all.

The beginning therefore of my history, if it were to be told by an historiographer, should be the twelfth booke which is the last, where I devise that the Faery Queene kept her annual feaste xii days; uppon which xii severall dayes, the occasions of the xii severall adventures hapned, which being undertaken by xii severall knights; are in these xii books severally handled

and discourfed. The first was this. In the beginning of the feaft, there prefented himfelfe a tall clownifhe younge man, who falling before the Queene of Faeries desired a boone (as the manner then was) which during that feaft ſhe might not refuſe; which was that hee might haue the atchieuement of any aduventure, which during that feaſte ſhould happen. That being graunted, he reſted him on the floore, unfitte through his ruſticity for a better place. Soone after entred a faire ladye in mourning weedes, riding on a white aſſe, with a dwarfe behind her leading a warlike ſteed, that bore the arms of a knight, and his ſpeare in the dwarfe's hand. Shee falling before the Queene of Faeries, complayned that her father and mother, an ancient king and queene, had bene by an huge dragon many years ſhut up in a braſen caſtle, who thence ſuſſered them not to yſſew: and therefore beſought the Faery Queene to aſſygne her ſome one of her knights to take on him that exployt. Preſently that clowniſh perſon upſtarting, deſired that aduventure: whereat the Queene much wondering, and the lady much gaineſaying, yet he earneſtly importuned his deſire. In the end the lady told him, that unleſſe that armour which ſhe brought would ſerue him, (that is the armour of a Chriſtian man ſpecified by St. Paul, v. Ephes.) that he could not ſucceed in that enterpriſe: which being forthwith put upon him with dew furnitures thereunto, he ſeemed the goodlieſt man in al that company, and was well liked of the lady.

And estefoones taking on him knighthood, and mounting on that straunge courser, he went forth with her on that aduenture: where beginneth the first booke, viz.

A gentle knight was pricking on the playne, &c.

The second day there came in a palmer bearing an infant with bloody hands, whose parents he complained to haue bene slayn by an enchauntresse called Acrasia: and therefore craued of the Faery Queene to appoint him some knight to performe that aduenture, which being assigned to Sir Guyon, he presently went forth with that same palmer: which is the beginning of the second booke, and the whole subiect thereof. The third day there came in a groome, who complained before the Faery Queene, that a vile enchaunter called Busirane had in hand a most faire lady called Amoretta, whom he kept in most grieuous torment, because she would not yield him the pleasure of her body. Whereupon Sir Scudamour the lover of that lady presently tooke on him that aduenture. But being unable to performe it by reason of the hard enchauntments, after long sorrow, in the end met with Britomartis, who succoured him, and reskewed his love.

But, by occasion hereof, many other aduentures are intermedled, but rather as accidents, then intendments: as the loue of Britomart, the ouerthrow of Marinell, the misery of Florimell, the vertuousnes of Belphebe, the lasciuiousnes of Hellenora; and many the like.

Thus much, Sir, I haue briefly ouerronne to direct your understanding to the wel-head of the history, that from thence gathering the whole intention of the conceit, ye may as in a handful gripe al the discourse, which otherwise may happily seem tedious and confused. So humbly crauing the continuance of your honourable fauour towards me, and th' eternall establishment of your happines, I humbly take leaue.

23. Jan. 1589.

Yours most humbly affectionate,

ED. SPENSER.

To the most high mightie and magnificent

EMPRESSE

Renowned for pietie vertue and all gracious government

ELIZABETH

By the grace of God

QUEENE OF ENGLAND FRAYNCE

AND IRELAND AND OF VIRGINIA

Defendour of the faith &c

Her most humble servant

EDMVND SPENSER

Doth in all humilitie

DEDICATE PRESENT AND CONSECRATE

THESE HIS LABOVRS

To live with the eternitie of her fame.

V E R S E S
TO THE AUTHOR OF
THE FAERY QUEENE.

A Vision vpon this concept of The Faery Queene.

ME thought I saw the graue, where Laura lay,
Within that temple, where the vestall flame
Was wont to burne, and passing by that way
To see that buried dust of liuing fame,
Whose tumber faire Loue, and fairer Vertue kept,
All suddainly I saw the Faery Queene;
At whose approach the soul of Petrarke wept,
And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene;
For they this Queene attended, in whose steed
Obliuion laid him down on Laura's herse:
Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
And grones of buried ghostes the heuens did perse;
Where Homer's spright did tremble all for griefe,
And curst th' accessse of that celestiall theife.

ANOTHER OF THE SAME.

THE prayse of meaner wits this Worke like profit
brings, [sings.
As doth the cuckoe's song delight when Philumena
If thou hast formed right true Vertue's face herein,
Vertue herselfe can best discern, to whom they writ-
ten bin.

If thou hast beautie prayd, let her sole lookes diuine
 Iudge ought therein be amis, and mend it by her eie.
 If chastitie want ought, or temperaunce her dew,
 Behold her princely mind aright, and write thy
 Queene anew. [fore
 Meane while she shall perceiue how far her vertues
 About the reach of all that liue, or such as wrote of
 yore;
 And thereby will excuse and fauour thy good will
 Whose vertue cannot be exprest, but by an angel's
 quill:
 Of me no lines are lou'd, nor letters are of price,
 Of all which speak our English tongue, but those of
 thy deuce.

TO THE LEARNED SHEPHEARD.

COLLYN, I see by thy new taken taske,
 Some sacred fury hath enricht thy braynes,
 That leades thy Muse in haughty verse to maske,
 And loath the layes that long to lowly swaynes;
 That lifts thy notes from shepherdes unto kinges,
 So like the liuely lark that mounting singes.

Thy lonely Rosalinde seemes now forlorne,
 And all thy gentle flockes forgotten quight,
 Thy chaunged hart now holdes thy pypes in scorne,
 Those pretty pypes that did thy mates delight;
 Those trusty mates, that loued thee so well,
 Whom thou gau'st mirth, as they gaue thee the bell.

Yet as thou earst with thy sweet roundelayes,
 Didst stirre to glee our laddes in homely bowers,
 So moughtst thou now in these refyned layes,
 Delight the daintie eares of higher powers;
 And so mought they, in their deep scanning skill,
 Allow and grace our Collyn's flowing quill.

And faire befall that Faery Queene of thine,
 In whose faire eyes Love linckt with Vertue sittes,
 Enfusing by those bewties fyers deuine
 Such high conceits into thy humble wittes,
 As raised hath poore pastors oaten reedes
 From rustie tunes, to chaunt heroique deedes.

So mought thy Red-crosse knight with happy hand
 Victorious be in that faire island's right,
 Which thou dost vayne in type of Faery Land,
 Eliza's blessed field, that Albion hight; [foes,
 That shields her friendes, and warres her mightie
 Yet still with people, peace, and plenty, flowes.

But (holly Shepeheard) though with pleasing style
 Thou feast the humour of the courtly trayne,
 Let not conceit thy settled sence beguile,
 Ne daunted be through enuy or disdaine:
 Subiect thy dome to her empyring spright,
 From whence thy Muse and all the world takes light.

HOBYNOLL.

FAYRE Themis streame, that from Ludd's stately
Runst paying tribute to the ocean seas, [towne,
Let all thy Nymphes and Syrens of renowne
Be silent, whyle this Bryttane Orpheus playes :
Nere thy sweet bankes there lyes that sacred crowne,
Whose hand strowes palme and neuer-dying bayes ;
Let all at once with thy soft murmuring sowne
Present her with this worthy poet's prayes ;
For he hath taught hye drifts in shepherdes weedes,
And deepe conceites now singes in Faeries deedes.

R. S.

GRAVE Muses march in triumph and with prayfes,
Our Godeffe here hath given you leaue to land,
And biddes this rare dispenser of your graces
Bow downe his brow unto her sacred hand.
Deserte findes dew in that most princely doome,
In whose sweete brest are all the Muses bredde ;
So did that great Augustus erst in Roome
With leaues of fame adorne his poet's hedde.
Faire be the guerdon of your Faery Queene,
Euen of the fairest that the world hath scene.

H. B.

WHEN stout Achilles heard of Helen's rape,
And what reuenge the states of Greece deuild,
Thinking by sleight the fatall warres to scape,
In woman's weedes himselfe he then disguisde ;
But this deuise Ulysses soon did spy,
And brought him forth the chaunce of warre to try.

When Spenser saw the fame was spreadd so large
Through Faery Land of their renowned Queene,
Loth that his Muse should take so great a charge,
As in such haughty matter to be seene,
To seeme a shepheard then he made his choice;
But Sidney heard him sing, and knew his voice.

And as Ulysses brought faire Thetis sonne
From his retyred life to menage armies;
So Spenser was by Sidney's speeches wonne,
To blaze her fame, not fearing future harmes;
For well he knew his Muse would soone be tyred
In her high praise, that all the world admired.

Yet as Achilles in those warlike frayes
Did win the palme from all the Grecian peeres;
So Spenser now, to his immortall prayse,
Hath wonne the laurell quite from all his feres.
What though his taske exceed a humaine witt,
He is excused, sith Sidney thought it fitt.

W. L.

To looke upon a worke of rare deuise,
The which a workman setteth out to view,
And not to yield it the deserued prise,
That unto such a workmanship is dew,
Doth either prove the iudgment to be naught,
Or else doth shew a mind with enuy fraught.

To labour to commend a peece of worke,
Which no man goes about to discommend,
Would raife a iealous doubt that there did lurke
Some secret doubt, whereto the prayse did tend;
For when men know the goodnes of the wyne,
Tis needlesse for the hoast to have a sygne.

Thus then to shew my iudgment to be such
As can discerne of colours blacke and white,
As alls to free my minde from enuie's tuch,
That neuer giues to any man his right,
I here pronounce this workmanship is such,
As that no pen can set it forth too much.

And thus I hang a garland at the dore,
Not for to shew the goodnes of the ware,
But such hath beene the custome heretofore;
And customes very hardly broken are:
And when your tast shall tell you this is trew,
Then looke you give your hoast his utmost dew.

IGNOTO.

SONNETS

SENT WITH

THE FAERY QUEENE

To several persons of Quality by the Author.

*To the right honourable Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord High
Chancellor of England, &c.*

THOSE prudent heads that with their counsels wise
Whylom the pillours of th' earth did sustain,
And taught ambitious Rome to tyrannise,
And in the neck of all the world to rayne,
Oft from those graue affaires were wont abstaine,
With the sweet lady Muses for to play :
So Ennius, the elder Africane,
So Maro oft did Cæsar's cares allay :
So you great Lord, that with your counsell sway
The burdeine of this kingdom mightily,
With like delightes sometimes may eke delay
The rugged brow of carefull Policy ;
And to these ydle rymes lend litle space,
Which for their title's sake may find more grace.

E. S.

*To the right honourable the Lord Burleigh, Lord High
Treasurer of England.*

To you, right noble Lord, whose carefull brest
To menage of most grave affaires is bent,
And on whose mightie shoulders most doth rest
The burdein of this kingdomes government

As the wide compasse of the firmament
 On Atlas' mighty shoulders is vpstayd;
 Unfitly I these ydle rimes present,
 The labor of lost time, and wit unstayd:
 Yet if their deeper sence be inly wayd,
 And the dim vele, with which from commune vew
 Their fairer parts are hid, aside be layd,
 Perhaps not vaine they may appeare to you.
 Such as they be, vouchsafe them to receaue,
 And wipe their faults out of your censure graue.

E. S.

*To the right honourable the Earl of Oxenford, Lord High
 Chamberlayne of England, &c.*

RECEIUE, most noble Lord, in gentle gree
 The vnripe fruit of an vnready wit,
 Which by thy countenaunce doth craue to bee
 Defended from foule enuie's poisonous bit;
 Which so to doe may thee right well besit,
 Sith th'antique glory of thine auncestry
 Vnder a shady vele is therein writ,
 And eke thine owne long liuing memory,
 Succeeding them in true nobility;
 And also for the loue which thou doest beare
 To th' Heliconian ymps, and they to thee;
 They vnto thee, and thou to them most deare;
 Deare as thou art vnto thy selfe; so lone
 That loues and honours thee, as doth behoue.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Northumberland.

THE sacred Muses haue made alwaies clame
To be the nourfes of nobility,
And registres of euerlasting fame,
To all that arms professe and cheualry;
Then by like right the noble progeny,
Which them succeed in fame and worth, are tyde
T' embrace the seruice of sweete Poetry,
By whose endeaours they are glorifide;
And eke from all, of whom it is enuide,
To patronize the author of their praise,
Which gives them life, that els would soone haue dide,
And crownes their ashes with immortall baies.
To thee therefore, right noble Lord, I send
This present of my pains, it to defend.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Cumberland.

REDOUBTED Lord, in whose corageous mind
The flowre of cheualry, now bloosming faire,
Doth promise fruite worthy the noble kind,
Which of their praises haue left you the haire;
To you this humble present I prepare,
For loue of vertue and of martiall praise,
To which though nobly ye inclined are,
As goodlie well ye shew'd in late assaies,
Yet brave ensample of long passed daies,

In which trew honor yee may fashiond see,
 To like desire of honour may ye raise,
 And fill your mind with magnanimittee.
 Receiue it, Lord, therefore as it was ment,
 For honour of your name and high descent.

E. S.

*To the most honourable and excellent Lord, the Earle of
 Effex, Great Maister of the Horse to her Highnesse,
 and Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

MAGNIFICKE Lord, whose vertues excellent
 Doe merit a most famous poet's witt
 To be thy liuing praises instrument,
 Yet doe not sdeigne to let thy name be writt
 In this base Poem, for thee far vnfitt;
 Nought is thy worth disparag'd thereby:
 But when my Muse, whose fethers, nothing flitt,
 Doe yet but flagg, and lowly learne to fly,
 With bolder wing shall dare alofte to fly
 To the last praises of this Faery Queene,
 Then shall it make more famous memory
 Of thine heroicke parts, such as they beene:
 Till then vouchsafe thy noble countenance
 To these first labours needed furtheraunce.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Earle of Ormond and Offory.

RECEIVE, most noble Lord, a simple taste
Of the wilde fruit which saluage soyl hath bred,
Which being through long wars left almost waste,
With brutish barbarisme is ouerspredd,
And in so faire a land as may be redd,
Not one Parnassus, nor one Helicone
Left for sweete Muses to be harboured,
But where thy selfe hast thy brave mansione;
There indeede dwel faire Graces many one,
And gentle Nymphes, delights of learned wits,
And in thy person without paragone
All goodly bountie and true honour sits.
Such therefore, as that wasted soyl doth yield,
Receiue, dear Lord, in worth the fruit of barren field.

E. S.

*To the right honourable the Lord Ch. Howard, Lord High
Admiral of England, Knight of the noble Order of the
Garter, and one of her Maiesstie's priuie Counsel, &c.*

AND ye, braue Lord, whose goodly personage,
And noble deeds, each other garnishing,
Make you ensample to the present age
Of th' old heroës, whose famous offspring
The antique poets wont so much to sing,
In this same pageaunt have a worthy place,
Sith those huge castles of Castilian king,

That vainly threatned kingdomes to displace,
 Like flying doves, ye did before you chace;
 And that proud people, woxen insolent
 Through many victories, did first deface.
 Thy praise's euerlasting monument
 Is in this verse engrauen semblably,
 That it may liue to all posterity.

E. S.

To the right honourable the Lord of Hunsdon, High Chamberlaine to her Maiesty.

RENOWNMED Lord, that for your worthinesse
 And noble deeds haue your deserued place
 High in the fauour of that Emperesse,
 The world's sole glory and her sexes grace;
 Here eke of right haue you a worthie place,
 Both for your neernes to that Faerie Queene,
 And for your owne high merit in like cace;
 Of which apparaunt prooffe was to be seene,
 When that tumultuous rage and fearfull deene
 Of northerne rebels ye did pacify,
 And their disloiall powre defaced clene,
 The record of enduring memory.
 Liue, Lord, for euer in this lasting verse,
 That all posteritie thy honour may reherse.

E. S.

*To the most renowned and valiant lord, the Lord Grey of
Wilton, Knight of the noble Order of the Garter, &c.*

Most noble Lord, the pillar of my life,
And patron of my Muse's papillage,
Through whose large bountie poured on me rise,
In the first season of my feeble age,
I now doe liue, bound your's by vassalage:
Sith nothing euer may redeeme, nor reauce
Out of your endlesse debt so sure a gage,
Vouchsafe in worth this small guift to receaue,
Which in your noble hands for pledge I leaue
Of all the rest that I am tyde t'account;
Rude rymes, the which a rustie Muse did weaue
In savadge soyle, far from Parnasso mount,
And roughly wrought in an vnlearned loome:
The which vouchsafe, dear Lord, your favourable
doome. E. S.

*To the right honourable the Lord of Buckhurst, one of her
Maiestie's priuie Counsell.*

In vain I think, right honourable Lord,
By this rude ryme to memorize thy name,
Whose learned Muse hath writ her own record
In golden verse, worthy immortal fame:
Thou much more fit (were leasure to the same)
Thy gracious souerain praises to compile,
And her imperiall maiestie to frame,
In loftie numbers and heroicke stile.
But sith thou mayst not so, giue leaue a while

To baser wit his power therein to spend,
 Whose grosse defaults thy daintie pen may file,
 And vnaduised oversights amend :
 But euermore vouchsafe it to maintaine
 Against vile Zoilus backbitings vaine.

E. S.

*To the right honourable Sir Fr. Walsingham Knight, prin-
 cipall Secretary to her Maiesty, and of her honourable
 priuy Counsell.*

THAT Mantuane poet's incompared spirit,
 Whose girland now is set in highest place,
 Had not Mecenas, for his worthy merit,
 It first aduauunst to great Augustus grace,
 Might long perhaps haue lien in silence bace,
 Ne bene so much admir'd of later age.
 This lowly Muse, that learns like steps to trace,
 Flies for like aide unto your patronage,
 That are the great Mecenas of this age,
 As wel to al that ciuel artes professe
 As those that are inspir'd with martial rage,
 And craues protection of her feebleness;
 Which if ye yield, perhaps ye may her rayse
 In bigger tunes to sound your lining praise.

E. S.

*To the right noble lord and most valiaunt captain, Sir
 John Norris Knight, Lord President of Mounster.*

Who euer gave more honourable prize
 To the sweet Muse then did the martiall crew,

K ij

That their braue deeds she might immortalize
 In her shrill tromp, and sound their praises dew?
 Who then ought more to fauour her, then you,
 Most noble Lord, the honor of this age,
 And precedent of all that armes ensue?
 Whose warlike prowesse and manly courage,
 Tempred with reason and aduizement sage,
 Hath fild sad Belgicke with victorious spoile,
 In Fraunce and Ireland left a famous gage,
 And lately shakt the Lusitanian soile?
 Sith then each where thou hast dispredd thy fame,
 Loue him that hath eternized your name.

E. S.

*To the right noble and valorous knight Sir Walter Ralceigh,
 Lord Wardein of the Stanneryes, and Lieftenaunt of
 Cornewaile.*

To thee, that art the sommer's nightingale,
 Thy foueraigne goddesses most deare delight,
 Why doe I send this rusticke madrigale,
 That may thy tunefull eare unseason quite?
 Thou onely fit this argument to write,
 In whose high thoughts Pleasure hath built her bowre,
 And dainty Love learnd sweetly to endite.
 My rimes I know unfauory and sowre,
 To taste the streames, that like a golden showre
 Flow from thy fruitfull head, of thy loue's praise,
 Fitter perhaps to thonder martiall stowe,
 When so thee list thy lofty Muse to raise:

Yet till that thou thy poeme wilt make knowne,
Let thy faire Cinthia's praises be thus rudely showne.

E. S.

*To the right honourable and most vertuous lady, the Countesse
of Pembroke.*

REMEMBRAUNCE of that most heroicke spirit,
The heauens pride, the glory of our daies,
Which now triumpheth through immortall merit
Of his braue vertues, crownd with lasting baies,
Of heuenlie blis and euerlasting praies;
Who first my Muse did lift out of the flore,
To sing his sweet delights in lowlie laies,
Bids me, most noble Lady, to adore
His goodly image, liuing euermore
In the diuine resemblance of your face,
Which with your vertues ye embellish more,
And natiue beauty deck with heuenlie grace:
For his, and for your own especial sake,
Vouchsafe from him this token in good worth to take.

E. S.

To the most vertuous and beautifull lady, the Lady Carew.

Ne may I, without blot of endlesse blame,
You, fairest Lady, leaue out of this place,
But with remembraunce of your gracious name,
Wherewith that courtly garland most ye grace,

K iij

And deck the world, adorne these verses base ;
 Not that these few lines can in them comprise
 Those glorious ornaments of heavenly grace
 Wherewith ye triumph ouer feeble eyes,
 And in subdued harts do tyranyse ;
 For thereunto doth need a golden quill,
 And siluer leaues, them righte to deuise,
 But to make humble present of good will ;
 Which, when as timely meanes it purchase may,
 In ampler wise itselie will forth display.

E. S.

To all the gracious and beautifull Ladies in the Court.

THE Chian peincter, when he was requird
 To pourtraict Venus in her perfect hew,
 To make his worke more absolute, desird
 Of all the fairest maides to haue the vew.
 Much more me needs to draw the semblant trew,
 Of Beautie's Queene, the world's sole wonderment,
 To sharpe my sence with sundry beauties vew,
 And steale from each some part of ornament.
 If all the world to seeke I ouerwent,
 A fairer crew yet no where could I see,
 Then that braue Court doth to mine eie present,
 That the world's pride seems gathered there to bee :
 Of each a part I stole by cunning thefte :
 Forgiue it me, faire Dames ! sith lesse ye haue not lefte.

E. S.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I.

Contayning

The Legend of the Knight of the Red-crosse, or of Holinesse.

I.

Lo I, the man whose Muse whylome did maske
As time her taught, in lowly shepherds weeds,
Am now enforst a farre unsitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaunge mine oaten reeds,
And sing of knights and ladies gentle deeds,
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me all too meane the sacred Muse areeds
To blazon broade emongst her learned throng :
Fierce warres and faithfull loves shall moralize my song.

II.

Help then, O holy Virgin ! chiefe of Nyne,
Thy weaker novice to perform thy will ;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights and fayrest Tanaquill,
Whom that most noble Briton prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong : [tong.
O helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull

III.

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus' sonne, that with thy cruell dart
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,
That glorious fire it kindled in his hart,
Lay now thy deadly heben bowe apart,
And with thy mother mylde come to mine ayde;
Come both, and with you bring triumphant Mart,
In loves and gentle jollities arraid,
After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

IV.

And with them eke, O Goddesse heavenly bright,
Mirrour of grace and majestie divine,
Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light
Like Phœbus' lampe throughout the world doth shine,
Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
The argument of mine afflicted stile;
The which to hear vouchsafe, O dearest dread! a while.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO I.

The patron of true Holinesse
Foule Errour doth defeat;
Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
Doth to his home entreate.

I.

A GENTLE knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruel markes of many' a bloody felde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foaming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giufts and fierce encounters fitt.

II.

And on his brest a bloodie crosse he bore,
The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead, as living, ever him ador'd:
Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
For soveraine hope, which in his helpe he had.
Right, faithfull, true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious Queene of Faery Lond)
To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave.
And ever, as he rode, his hart did earne
To prove his puissance in battell brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learne;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stearne.

IV.

A lovely ladie rode him faire beside,
Upon a lowly asse more white then snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a vele, that wimpled was full low;
And over all a blacke stole shee did throw,
As one that inly mournd: so was she sad,
And heauey fate upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had;
And by her in a line a milke-white lambe shee lad.

V.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
She was in life and every vertuous lore,
And by descent from royall lynage came
Of ancient kinges and queenes, that had of yore
Their scepters strecht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held,
Till that infernal feend with foule uprore
Forwasted all their land, and them expeld; [peld.
Whom to avenge, shee had this knight from far com-

VI.

Behind her farre away a dwarfe did lag,
That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
The day with cloudes was fuddeine overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
Did poure into his leman's lap so fast,
That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were

VII.

[fain.

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
That promist ayde the tempest to withstand,
Whose loftie trees, yelad with sommer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Not perceable with power of any starr;
And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
With footing worne, and leading inward farre:
Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred arre.

VIII.

And forth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
The sayling pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-propp elme. the poplar never dry,
The builder oake. sole king of forrests all,
The aspine, good for staves, the cypresse funerall,

IX.

The laurell, meed of mightie conquerours
And poets sage, the firre that weepeth still,
The willow, worne of forlorne paramours,
The eugh, obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shaftes, the fallow for the mill,
The mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitfull olive, and the platane round,
The carver holme, the maple, seeldom inward found.

X.

Led with delight they thus beguile the way,
Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
When weening to returne, whence they did stray,
They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
Furthest from end then, when they neereſt weene,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne:
So many pathes, so many turnings ſcene,
That which of them to take in diuerſe doubt they beene.

XI.

At laſt reſolving forward ſtill to fare,
Till that ſome ende they find, or in or out,
That path they take that beaten ſeemd moſt bare,
And like to lead the labyrinth about;
Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
Amid the thickeſt woods. The champion ſtout
Eſtſoones diſmounted from his courſer brave,
And to the dwarfe a while his needleſſ ſpere he gave.

XII.

"Be well aware," quoth then that ladye milde,
"Lest suddaine mischief ye too rash prouoke:
"The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
"Breedes dreadfull doubts: oft fire is without smoke,
"And perill without show: therefore your stroke,
"Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
"Ah, Ladye," sayd he, "shame were to reuoke
"The forward footing for an hidden shade:
"Vertue gives herself light through darknesse for to

XIII.

[wade."

"Yea but," quoth she, "the peril of this place
"I better wot then you, though nowe too late
"To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace;
"Yet wisdom warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
"To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
"This is the Wandring Wood, this Errour's den,
"A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
"Therefore I read beware." "Fly, fly," quoth then
The fearefull dwarfe; "this is no place for living

XIV.

[men."

But full of fire and greedy hardiment,
The youthfull knight could not for ought be staide,
But forth unto the darksome hole he went,
And looked in: his glistring armor made
A litle glooming light, much like a shade,
By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
But th'other halfe did woman's shape retaine,
Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdain.

XV.

And as she lay upon the durtie ground,
Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
Pointed with mortall sting : of her there bred
A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
Sucking upon her poisonous dugs; each one
Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :
Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were gone.

XVI.

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
About her cursed head, whose folds displaid,
Were stretcht now forth at length without entraille.
She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle,
Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII.

Which when the valiant else perceiv'd, he leapt
As lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce, her speckled taile advaunst,
Threatning her angrie sting him to dismay;
Who nought aghast his mightie hand enhaunst;
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder glaunst.

XVIII.

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd,
 Yet kindling rage, herselfe she gathered round,
 And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
 With doubled forces high above the ground:
 Tho wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
 Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
 All suddenly about his body wound,
 That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
 God helpe the man so wrapt in Errour's endlesse traine.

XIX.

His lady, sad to see his fore constraint,
 Cride out, "Now, now, Sir Knight, shew what ye bee;
 "Add faith unto your force, and be not faint:
 "Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
 That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
 His gall did grate for grieve and high disdain,
 And knitting all his force, got one hand free,
 Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine,
 That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

XX.

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A flood of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunk so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe:
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacke,
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras:
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has.

XXI.

As when old Father Nilus gins to swell
With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale,
His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
And overflow each plaine and lowly dale;
But when his later spring gins to avale,
Huge heaps of mudd he leaves, wherein there breed
Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
And partly femall, of his fruitful seed:
Such ugly monstrous shapes elswhere may no man reed.

XXII.

The same so fore annoyed has the knight,
That wel-nigh choked with the deadly stinke,
His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight.
Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrink,
She poured forth out of her hellish sinke.
Her fruitful cursed spawne of serpents small,
Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII.

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
When ruddy Phœbus gins to welke in west,
High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,
All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest,
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

XXIV.

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
 Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
 Halfe furious unto his foe he came,
 (Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
 Or soone to lose, before he once would lin)
 And stroke at her with more then manly force;
 That from her body, full of filthie sin,
 He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
 A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her

XXV.

[corse.

Her scattred brood, soone as their parent deare
 They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
 Groning full deadly all with troublous feare,
 Gathred themselves about her body round,
 Weening their wonted entrance to have found
 At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,
 They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
 And sucked up their dying mother's blood,
 Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI.

That detestable sight him much amazd,
 To see th' unkindly impes of heaven accurst
 Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
 Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
 Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst,
 And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
 Of such as drunke her life, the which them nursd.
 Now needeth him no lenger labour spend, [contend.
 His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should

XXVII.

His lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
Approcht in hast to greet his victorie,
And saide, " Faire Knight, borne under happie starre,
" Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
" Well worthie be you of that armory,
" Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day,
" And proof'd your strength on a strong enimie,
" Your first adventure : many such I pray,
" And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may."

XXVIII.

Then mounted he upon his steede againe,
And with the lady backward fought to wend :
That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
Ne ever would to any by-way bend ;
But still did follow one unto the end,
The which at last out of the wood them brought :
So forward on his way (with God to frend)
He passed forth, and new adventure fought :
Long way he traueiled before he heard of ought.

XXIX.

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had ;
Sober he seemde, and very fagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad ;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX.

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures which abroad did pas?
 "Ah! my dear Sonne," quoth he, "how should, alas!
 "Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
 "Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
 "Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell?
 "With holy father fits not with such things to mell.

XXXI.

"But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
 "And home-bredd evil, ye desire to heare,
 "Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
 "That wasteth all this countrie farre and neare."
 "Of such," said he, "I chiefly doe inquire;
 "And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place
 "In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare;
 "For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace
 "That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

XXXII.

"Far hence," quoth he, "in wastfull wildernesse
 "His dwelling is, by which no living wight
 "May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
 "Now," saide the ladie, "draweth toward night;
 "And well I wote, that of your later fight
 "Ye all forwearied be: for what so strong,
 "But wanting rest will also want of might?
 "The sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
 "At night doth baite his steedes the ocean waves
 among.

XXXIII.

"Then with the funne take, Sir, your timely rest,
"And with new day new worke at once begin :
"Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
"Right well, Sir Knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man; "the way to win
"Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent,
"Therefore with me ye may take up your in
"For this same night." The Knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV.

A little lowly hermitage it was,
Downe in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pas
In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and eventyde;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV.

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
Ne looke for entertainment where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will :
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With faire discourse the evening so they pas;
For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
And well could file his tongue, as smooth as glas:
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before.

XXXVI.

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast,
 And the sad humor loading their eye-liddes,
 As messenger of Morpheus on them cast.
 Sweet slombring deaw, the which to sleep them biddes:
 Unto their lodgings then his guesstes he riddes;
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his studie goes, and there, amiddes
 His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kindes,
 He seeks out mighty charmes to trouble sleepey mindes.

XXXVII.

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
 (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame,
 With which, and other spelles like terrible,
 He bad awake blacke Plutoe's grieſly dame;
 And curſed Heven, and ſpake reproachful ſhame
 Of higheſt God, the Lord of life and light.
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night,
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII.

And forth he cald, out of deepe darknes dredd,
 Legions of ſprights, the which, like litle flies,
 Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
 Awaite, whereto their ſervice he applyes,
 To aide his friendes, or fray his enemies:
 Of thoſe he choſe out two, the falſeſt twoo,
 And fitteſt ſor to forge true-ſeeming lyes;
 The one of them he gave a meſſage too,
 The other by himſelfe ſtaide other worke to doo.

XXXIX.

He making speedy way through sperfed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full sleepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth sleepe,
In silver dew, his ever-drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth

XL.

[spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowlie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

XLI.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the lost,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes,
Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

XLII.

The messenger approching to him spake,
But his waste wordes retourn'd to him in vaine;
So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
Whereat he gan to stretch; but he againe
Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII.

The sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
And threatned unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecate; whereat he gan to quake,
And lifting up his lompish head, with blame
Halfe angrie, asked him, for what he came?
"Hether," quoth he, "me Archimago sent,
"He that the stubborne sprites can wisely tame,
"He bids thee to him send for his intent
"A fit false Dreame, that can delude the sleepers

XLIV.

[sent.]

The god obayde; and calling forth straight way
A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
Delivered it to him, and downe did lay
His heaue head, deuoid of careful carke,
Whose fences all were straight benumbd and starke.
He backe returning by the yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull lark,
And on his litle winges the Dreame he bore
In hast unto his lord, where he him left afore:

XLV.

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a lady of that other spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively, and so like in all mens sight,
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight :
The makers selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI.

Now when that ydle Dreame was to him brought,
Unto that elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly, void of evil thought,
And with false shewes abuse his fantasy,
In fort as he him schooled privily :
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the maker's guyle, with usage fly
He taught to imitate that lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

XLVII.

Thus well instructed to their worke they haste;
And comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy :
Then seemed him his lady by him lay,
And to him playnd, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame Pleasure's toy.

XLVIII.

And she herselfe, of beautie soveraigne queene,
Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
Her, whom he waking evermore did weene
To bee the chastest flowre that eye did spring
On earthly brannch, the daughter of a king,
Now a loose leman to vile service bound ;
And eke the Graces seemed all to sing,
Hymen, iō Hymen, dauncing all around ;
Whylst freshest Flora her with yvie girland crownd.

XLIX.

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
Or wonted feare of doing ought amiss,
He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his ;
Lo there before his face his ladie is,
Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke ;
And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
With gentle blandishment and lovely looke,
Most like that virgin true which for her knight him

L.

[tooke.

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
And halfe enraged at her shamelesse guise,
He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight ;
But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
He stayde his hand, and gan himselfe advise
To prove his sense, and tempt her feigned truth.
Wringing her hands in wemens pitteous wise,
Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth.

Volume I.

M

LI.

And sayd, " Ah! Sir, my liege lord, and my love,
 " Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 " And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
 " Or the blind god, that doth me thus amate,
 " For hoped love to winne me certaine hate?
 " Yet thus perforce he bids me do or die.
 " Die is my dew; yet rew my wretched state
 " You, whom my hard avenging destinie
 " Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII.

" Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave
 " My father's kingdom,"--there she stopt with teares;
 Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave :
 And then againe begun, " My weaker yeares,
 " Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
 " Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ayde :
 " Let me not die in languor and long teares."
 " Why, dame," quoth he, " what hath ye thus dismayd?
 " What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me af-

LIII.

[frayd?]

" Love of your selfe," she saide, " and deare constraint
 " Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night
 " In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
 " Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
 Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
 Suspect her truth; yet since no' untruth he knew,
 Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight
 He would not shend, but said, " Deare dame, I rew,
 " That for my sake unknowne such griefe unto you
 grew.

LIV.

"Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground;
"For all so deare as life is to my hart,
"I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound:
"Ne let vaine fears procure your needlesse smart,
"Where cause is none; but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournefull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words, that could not chose but please:
So slyding softly forth she turnd as to her ease.

LV.

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
Much griev'd to thinke that gentle dame so light,
For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
At last dull wearines of former fight
Having yrockt asleep his irkesome spright,
That troublous Dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
But when he saw his labour all was vaine,
With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO II.

The guilefull great enchaunter parts
The Rederosse knight from Truth;
In whose stead faire Falshood steps,
And workes him woefull ruth.

I.

By this the northerne wagoner had set
His sevenfold teme behind the stedfast starre,
That was in ocean waves yet never wet,
But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre:
To all that in the wide deepe wandring are:
And chearefull chaunticlere with his note shrill
Had warped once, that Phæbus' fiery carre
In hast was climbing up the easterne hill,
Full envious that Night so long his roome did fill.

II.

When those accursed messengers of hell,
That feigning Dreame, and that faire-forged spright,
Came to their wicked maister, and gan tell
Their bootelesse paines, and ill-succeeding night:
Who all in rage to see his skilfull might
Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
And sad Proserpine's wrath, them to affright:
But when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

III.

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other spright, on whom he spred
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young squire, in loves and lustyhed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight :
Those two he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid, to joy in vaine delight.

IV.

Forthwith he runnes with feigned-faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who after troublous sights
And dreames gan now to take more sound repast;
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him calls, " Rife, rise, unhappy swaine,
" That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
" Have knit themselves in Venus' shameful chaine :
" Come see where your false lady doth her honor

V.

[staine."

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment
In wanton lust and leud enbracement :
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire;
The eie of Reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them in his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged fire.

VI.

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest, but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night.
At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light;
Then up he rose, and clad him hastily;
The dwarfe him brought his steed; so both away do fly.

VII.

Now when the rosy-fingred Morning faire,
Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
Had spread her purple robe through deawy aire,
And the high hills Titan discovered,
The royall virgin shooke off drousyhed,
And rising forth out of her baser bowre,
Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre;
Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

VIII.

And after him she rode with so much speede
As her slowe beast could make; but all in vaine:
For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine:
Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
But every hil and dale, each wood and plane,
Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

IX.

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
He saw divided into double parts,
And Una wandring in woods and Forrests,
(Th'end of his drift) he praised his diuinish arts,
That had such might over true-meaning harts :
Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
How he may worke unto her further smarts
For her he hated as the hissing snake,
And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X.

He then deuise himselfe how to disguise;
For by his mighty science he could take
As many formes and shapes in seeming wise
As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :
Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
And oft would flie away. O who can tell
The hidden powre of herbes, and might of magick

XI.

[spell?

But now seemde best the person to put on
Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest.
In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
And silver shield; upon his coward brest
A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diuersly.
Full iolly knight he seemde, and wel address;
And when he sate uppon his courser free,
Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

XII.

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare,
The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare;
Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sansfoy: full large of limbe and every ioint
He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII.

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
A goodly lady clad in scarlot red,
Purfled with gold and pearle of rich assay,
And like a Persian mitre on her hed
Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,
The which her lavish lovers to her gave:
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

XIV.

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertaine her lover all the way;
But when she saw the knight his speare aduance,
Shee soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray;
His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride,
And hope to winne his ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his courser's side
The red blood trickling staine the way as he did ride.

XV.

The Knight of the Red-crosse, when him he spide
 Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
 Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
 Soone meete they both; both fell and furious,
 That daunted with their forces hideous
 Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand;
 And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
 Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
 Doe backe rebutte, and each to other yealdeth land.

XVI.

As when two rams, fird with ambitious pride,
 Fight for the rule of the rich-sheeced flocke,
 Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
 Doe meete, that with the terror of the shooke
 Astonied both stand sencelesse as a blocke,
 Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
 So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
 Both staring fierce, and holding idely
 The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII.

The Sarazin, fore daunted with the buffe,
 Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies,
 Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
 Each others equall puissaunce envies,
 And through their iron sides with cruell spies
 Does seeke to peerce; repining courage yields
 No foote to foe; the flashing fier flies,
 As from a forge, out of their burning shields,
 And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

XVIII.

“Curse on that crosse.” quoth then the Sarazin,
“That keeps thy body from the bitter fitt;
“Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
“Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt;
“But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
“And hide thy head.” Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt,
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly

XIX.

[blest.

Who thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother Earth did kis,
Greeting his grave: his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh; at last it fitted is
Whether the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX.

The lady, when she saw her champion fall,
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,
Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
The Sarazin’s shield, signe of the conqueroure.
Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay,
For present cause was none of dread her to dismay.

XXI.

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce
Cride, "Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
"On silly dame, subiect to hard mischaunce,
"And to your mighty will." Her humbleffe low,
In so rich weedes and seeming glorious show,
Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart,
And said, "Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
"Much rueth me; but now put feare apart,
"And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your

XXII.

[part.]

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament;
"The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
"Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
"Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
"And Fortune false betraide me to your powre,
"Was (O what now availeth that I was!)
"Borne the sole daughter of an emperour;
"He that the wide West under his rule has,
"And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth

XXIII.

[pas.]

"He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
"Betrothed me unto the onely haire
"Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage;
"Was never prince so faithfull and so faire,
"Was never prince so meeke and debonaire:
"But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
"My dearest lord fell from high honor's staire
"Into the hands of hys accursed sone,
"And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV.

" His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
 " Was afterwaïd, I know not how, conuaid,
 " And fro me hid : of whose most innocent death
 " When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
 " O how great sorrow my sad soule assaid !
 " Then forth I went his woeful corse to find ;
 " And many yeares throughout the world I straid
 " A virgin widow, whose deepe-wounded mind
 " With love longtime did languish, as the stricken hind.

XXV.

" At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
 " To meete me wandering, who perforce me led
 " With him away ; but yet could never win
 " The fort that ladies hold in foveraigne dread.
 " There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
 " Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sansfoy,
 " The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred
 " Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sansioy,
 " And twixt them both was born the bloody bold

XXVI.

[Sansloy.

" In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
 " Now miserable I Fidesa dwell,
 " Craving of you in pittie of my state,
 " To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
 He in great passion all this while did dwell,
 More busying his quicke eies her face to view,
 Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell ;
 And said, " Faire Lady ! hart of flint would rew
 " The undeserved woes and sorrowes which ye shew."

XXVII.

"Henceforth in safe assurance may ye rest,

"Having both found a new friend you to aid,

"And lost an old foe that did you molest:

"Better new friend then an old foe is said."

With change of cheer the seeming-simple maid

Let fall her eien, as shamefast, to the earth,

And yeelding soft, in that she nought gain-said.

So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,

And shee coy lookes. So dainty, they say, maketh

XXVIII.

[derth.

Long time they thus together traveled;

Til weary of their way, they came at last

Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spread

Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast,

And their greene leaves trembling with every blast,

Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round:

The fearefull shepherd, often there aghast,

Under them never sat, ne wont there found

His mery oaten pipe, but shund th'unlucky ground.

XXIX.

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,

For the coole shade him thither hastily got;

For golden Phæbus, now ymounted hie,

From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot

Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,

That living creature mote it not abide,

And his new lady it endured not:

There they alight, in hope themselves to hide

From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX.

Faire-seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
 With goodly purposes; thereas they sit,
 And in his falsed fancy he her takes
 To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
 Which to expresse, he bends his gentle wit;
 And thinking of those braunches greene to frame
 A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
 He pluckt a bough, out of whose rifte there came
 Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI.

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard,
 Crying, "O spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender fides, in this rough rynd embard;
 "But fly, ah! fly far hence away, for feare
 "Least to you hap that happened to me heare,
 "And to this wretched lady, my deare love;
 "O too deare love, love bought with death too deare!"
 Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove,
 And with that suddain horror could no member move.

XXXII.

At last whenas the dreadfull passion
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake;
 "What voice of damned ghost from Limbo lake,
 "Or guilefull spright wandring in empty aire,
 "(Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake)
 "Sends to my doubtful cares these speeches rare,
 "And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to
 spare?"

XXXIII.

Then groning deep, "Nor damned ghost," quoth he,
 "Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake;
 "But once a man Fradubio, now a tree;
 "Wretched man, wretched tree! whose nature weake
 "A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 "Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
 "Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 "And scorching sunne does dry my secret vaines;
 "For though a tree I seeme, yet cold and heat me

XXXIV.

[paines."

"Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
 Quoth then the knight; "by whose mischievous arts
 "Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see?
 "He oft finds med'cine who his grieve imparts;
 "But double griefs afflict concealing harts,
 "As raging flames who striveth to suppress."
 "The author then," said he, "of all my smarts,
 "Is one Dueſſa, a false forcereſſe,
 "That many errant knights hath brought to wretched-

XXXV.

[neſſe.

"In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
 "The fire of love and ioy of chevalree
 "First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 "To love this gentle lady, whome ye see
 "Now not a lady, but a seeming tree;
 "With whome as once I rode accompanye,
 "Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
 "That had a like faire lady by his syde;
 "Lyke a faire lady, but did fowle Dueſſa hyde;

XXXVI.

- " Whose forged beauty he did take in hand.
 " All other dames to have exceded farre;
 " I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 " Mine, that did then shine as the morning starre;
 " So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre;
 " In which his harder fortune was to fall
 " Under my speare : such is the dye of warre.
 " His lady, left as a prise martiall,
 " Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII.

- " So doubly lov'd of ladies unlike faire,
 " Th'one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 " One day in doubt I cast for to compare
 " Whether in beauties glorie did excede;
 " A rosy girlond was the victor's meede.
 " Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee;
 " So hard the discord was to be agreeede:
 " Frælisfa was as faire as faire mote bee,
 " And ever false Dueffa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII.

- " The wicked witch now seeing all this while
 " The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
 " What not by right, she cast to win by guile,
 " And by her helles science raisd streight way.
 " A foggy mist that overcast the day,
 " And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
 " Dimmed her former beauties shining ray,
 " And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace:
 " Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in
 place.

XXXIX.

"Then cride she out, "Fye, fye, deformed wight,
"Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
"To have before bewitched all mens sight;
"O leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine!"
"Her loathly visage viewing with disdain,
"Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
"And would have kild her; but with faigned paine
"The false witch did my wrathfull hand with-hold;
"So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

XL.

"Thensforth I tooke Dueessa for my dame,
"And in the witch unweeting ioyd long time,
"Ne ever wist but that she was the same;
"Till on a day (that day is everie prime,
"When witches wont do penance for their crime)
"I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
"Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme:
"A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
"That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew.

XLI.

"Her neather partes mishapen, monstrous,
"Were hidd in water, that I could not see,
"But they did seeme more foule and hideous
"Then woman's shape man would beleeve to bee.
"Thensforth from her most beastly companie
"I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
"Soone as appeard safe opportunitie;
"For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
"I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII.

"The diuclish hag, by chaunges of my cheare,
 "Perceiv'd my thought, and, drownd in sleepe night;
 "With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 "My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 "That all my senses were bereaued quight;
 "Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 "And by my wretched lover's sight me pight;
 "Where now enclofd in wooden wals full faste,
 "Banisht from livingights, our wearie daies we waste."

XLIII.

"But how long time," said then the Elfin Knight,
 "Are you in this misformed hous to dwell?"
 "We may not chaunge," quoth he, "this euill plight,
 "Till we be bathed in a living well;
 "That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
 "O how," sayd he, "mote I that well out find,
 "That may restore you to your wonted well?"
 "Time, and suffised Fates, to former kynd
 "Shall us restore, none else from hence may us un-

XLIV.

[bynd."

'The false Dueffa, now Fidessa hight,
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all was true : but the good knight
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 'The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 'That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound;
 'Then turning to his lady, dead with feare her fownd,

XLV.

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
As all unweeting of that well she knew,
And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eylids blew,
And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
At last she up gan lift; with trembling cheare
Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
And oft her kist. At length all passed feare,
He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO III.

Forfaken Truth long seekes her love,
And makes the lyon mylde;
Marres blind Devotion's mart, and fals
In hand of leachour vylde.

I.

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse
That moves more deare compassion of mind,
Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
Through Envie's snares, or Fortune's freakes unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
Or through alleageance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
Feele my hart perft with so great agony
When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

II.

And now it is empassioned so deepe,
For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
Though nor in word nor deed ill meriting,
Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

III.

Yet she, most faithfull ladie, all this while
 Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd,
 Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
 In wildernesse and wastfull deserts strayd,
 To seeke her knight ; who subtilly betrayd
 Through that late vision which th' enchaunter wrought,
 Had her abandond ; she of nought affrayd,
 Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought,
 Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV.

One day, nigh-wearie of the yrkesome way,
 From her unhastie beast she did alight,
 And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay
 In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight :
 From her sayre head her fillet she undight,
 And layd her stole aside ; her angel's face
 As the great eye of heaven shyned bright,
 And made a sunshine in the shady place :
 Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V.

It fortun'd out of the thickest wood
 A ramping lyon rushed suddeinly,
 Hunting full greedy after salvage blood ;
 Soone as the royall virgin he did spy,
 With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
 To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;
 But to the pray whenas he drew more ny,
 His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
 And with the sight amazd, forgat his furious force.

VI.

Instead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weete.
O how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII.

"The lyon, lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
"And mightie proud, to humble weake does yield,
"Forgetfull of the hungry rage which late
"Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate:
"But he, my lyon, and my noble lord,
"How does he find in cruell hart to hate
"Her that him lov'd, and ever most adord,
"As the God of my life? why hath he me abhord?

VIII.

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood;
With pittie calmd, downe fell his angry mood,
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin borne of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed champion if she might attayne.

IX.

The lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chaste person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
Still when she slept he kept both watch and ward,
And when she wakt he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepar'd :
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement,
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent.

X.

Long she thus traveled through deserts wyde,
By which she thought her wandring knight shold pas,
Yet never shew of living wight espyde,
Till that at length she found the trodden gras
In which the tract of peoples footing was,
Under the steepe foot of a mountaine bore ;
The same she followes, till at last she has
A damzel spyde slow-footing her before,
That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore :

XI.

To whom approching she to her gan call,
To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
But the rude wench her answerd not at all ;
She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand,
Till seeing by her side the lyon stand,
With suddain feare her pitcher downe she threw,
And fled away ; for never in that land
Face of fayre lady she before did vew,
And that dredd lyon's looke her cast in deadly hew.

XII.

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd,
As if her life upon the wager lay;
And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
Sate in eternall night: nought could she say,
But suddaine catching hold, did her dismay
With quaking hands, and other signes of feare;
Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
Gan shat the dore. By this arriued there
Dame Una, weary dame, and entrance did requere:

XIII.

Which when none yielded, her unruly page
With his rude clawes the wicket open rent,
And let her in; where of his cruell rage
Nigh dead with feare and faint astonishment,
Shee found them both in darksome corner pent;
Where that old woman day and night did pray
Upon her beads, devoutly penitent:
Nine hundred *Pater nosters* every day,
And thrise nine hundred *Aves*, she was wont to say.

XIV.

And to augment her painefull penance more,
Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore,
And thrise-three times did fast from any bitt;
But now for feare her beads she did forgett.
Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

XV.

The day is spent, and commeth drowfie night,
 When every creature throwded is in sleepe;
 Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
 And at her feete the lyon watch doth keepe:
 Instead of rest, she does lament and weepe,
 For the late losse of her deare-loved knight,
 And sighes and grones, and evermore does sleepe
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for

XVI.

[light.

Now when Aldeboran was mounted hye,
 Above the shinie Cassiopeias chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare:
 He knocked fast, and often curst and sware,
 That ready entraunce was not at his call;
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stелths and pillage severall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII.

He was to weete a stout and sturdy thiefe,
 Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
 And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
 Which given was to them for good intents:
 The holy faints of their rich vestiments
 He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept,
 And spoild the priests of their habiliments;
 Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
 Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII.

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca flow,
With whom he whoredome usd that few did know;
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow;
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings;
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX.

'Thus long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize,
(The lyon frayed them) him in to lett:
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is; when that disdainfull beast
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize;
And seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest,
Under his lordly foot him proudly hath supprest.

XX.

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the venger's hand,
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath: the thirsty land
Dronke up his life, his corse left on the strand.
His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
The heaue hap which on them is alight,
Afraid least to themselves the like mishappen might.

XXI.

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke,
And on their former iourney forward pas,
In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
With paines far passing that long-wandring Greeke
That for his love refused deitye:
Such were the labours of this lady meeke,
Still seeking him that from her still did flye;
Then furthest from her hope when most she weened

XXII.

[nye.

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne,
That blind old woman and her daughter dear,
Came forth, and finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare:
And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
Then forth they ran like two amazed deare,
Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
To follow her that was the causer of their ill:

XXIII.

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
With hollow howling and lamenting cry,
Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
And her accusing of dishonesty,
That was the flowre of faith and chastity;
And still amidst her rayling she did pray
That plagues and mischiefes, and long misery,
Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
And that in endlesse error she might ever stray.

XXIV.

But when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;
And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile,
A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost,
But subtill Archimag, that Una fought
By traynes into new troubles to have tost:
Of that old woman tidings he besought,
If that of such a lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV.

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
Saying that harlott she too lately knew,
That causd her shed so many a bitter teare;
And so forth told the story of her feare.
Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
And after for that lady did inquere;
Which being taught, he forward gan aduance
His fair enchanted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI.

Ere long he came where Una traveld slow,
And that wilde champion wayting her besyde;
Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
Himselfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde,
By his like-seeming shield her knight by name
Shee weend it was, and towards him gan ride:
Approching nigh she wist it was the same, [came:
And with faire fearefull humbleesse towards him she

XXVII.

And weeping said, " Ah! my long-lacked lord,
 " Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight?
 " Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
 " Or ought have done that ye displeasen might,
 " That should as death unto my deare heart light :
 " For since mine eie your ioyous sight did mis,
 " My chęarefull day is turnd to cheareleffe night,
 " And eke my night of death the shadow is ;
 " But welcome now my light, and shining lampe of
 XXVIII. [blis."

He thereto meeting said, " My dearest dame,
 " Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
 " To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
 " As you to leave, that have me loved stil,
 " And chose in Faery Court of meere goodwil,
 " Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
 " The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil
 " To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
 " Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of heavenly berth.

XXIX.

" And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
 " Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place,
 " Where Archimago said a felon strong
 " To many knights did daily worke disgrace;
 " But knight he now shall never more deface :
 " Good cause of mine excuse; that mote ye please
 " Well to accept, and evermore embrace
 " My faithfull service, that by land and seas
 " Have vowd you to defend: now then your plaint
 appease." O iij

XXX.

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
 Of all her passed paines: one loving howre
 For many years of sorrow can dispence:
 A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
 Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
 For him she late endurd: she speakes no more
 Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
 To looken backe; his eies be fixt before.
 Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so

XXXI.

[fore.

Much like as when the beaten marinere,
 That long hath wandred in the ocean wide,
 Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare,
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce Orion's hound,
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearful whistle merily doth sound,
 And Nereus crownes with cups, his mates him pledg

XXXII.

[around:

Such ioy made Una when her knight she found;
 And eke th'enchauter ioyous seemde no lesse
 Then the glad marchant that does vew from ground
 His ship far come from watrie wildernesse;
 He hurles out vowes, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
 So forth they past, and all the way they spent
 Discourfing of her dreadful late distresse,
 In which he askt her what the lyon ment?
 Who told her all that fell in iourney as she went.

XXXIII.

They had not ridden far, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with hastie heat,
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free,
 That through his fierksnesse fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side :
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde,
 And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV.

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
 And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire and gan estfoones prepare
 Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare
 To taste th' untryed dint of deadly steele,
 But yet his lady did so well him cheare,
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feele :
 So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV.

But that proud paynim forward came so ferce,
 And full of wrath, that with his sharp-head speare
 Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce ;
 And had his staggering steed not shronke for feare,
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare :
 Yet so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his sadle quite he did him beare ;
 He tombling rudely downe to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of blond did gush.

XXXVI.

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
He to him lept, in minde to reave his life,
And proudly said, "Lo, there the worthie meed
" Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife:
" Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife,
" In peace may passen over Lethe lake,
" When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
" The black infernall furies doen aslake.
" Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from

XXXVII. [thee take.]

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
Till Una cride, "O hold that heaveie hand,
" Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place:
" Enough is that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
" Now at thy mercy: mercy not withstand,
" For he is one the truest knight alive,
" Though conquered now he lye on lowly land,
" And whilest him Fortune favoured, fayre did thrive
" In bloudy field; therefore of life him not deprive."

XXXVIII.

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage;
But rudely rending up his helmet, would
Have slayne him streight: but when he sees his age,
And hoarie head of Archimago old,
His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
And, halfe ashamed, wondred at the sight:
For that old man well knew he, though untold,
In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
Ne ever wont in field, ne in round-lists, to fight:

XXXIX.

And said, "Why, Archimago, lucklesse fyre,
 "What do I see? what hard mishap is this,
 "That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre?
 "Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 "Instead of foe to wound my friend amis?"
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloude of death did sit; which doen away,
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay,

XL.

But to the virgin comes; who all this while
 Amas'd stands, herselfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee:
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie;
 Left in the hand of that same paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie;
 Who by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold.

XLI.

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
 And high disdaine, whenas his soveraine dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping iawes full greedy at him came,
 And ramping on his shield, did weene the same
 Have rest away with his sharp-rending claws;
 But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
 His corage more, that from his griping pawes [drawes.
 He hatk his shield redeemd, and forth his sword he

XLII.

O then too weake and feeble was the forſe
Of ſalvage beaſt, his puiſſance to withſtand;
For he was ſtrong, and of ſo mightie corſe,
As ever wielded ſpeare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wiſely underſtand.
Eſtſopnes he perced through his chaufed cheſt
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his lordly hart: with death oppreſt
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forſooke his ſtubborne breſt.

XLIII.

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging ſpoile of lawleſſe victor's will?
Her faithfull gard remov'd, her hope diſmaid,
Her ſelfe a yielded pray to ſave or ſpill.
He, now lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and diſdaineful ſpight
Her vildly entertaines; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courſer light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV.

And all the way with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, ſhe ſilleth his dull cares,
That ſtony hart could riven have in twaine;
And all the way ſhe wetts with flowing teares;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her ſervile beaſt yet would not leave her ſo,
But follows her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe;
More mild in beaſtly kind then that her beaſtly foe.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO IV.

To sinfull house of Pryde Dueſſa
 Guydes the faithfull knight;
 Where, brother's death to wreak, Sansioy
 Doth chaleng him to fight.

I.

YOUNG knight-whatever that doſt armes profeſſe,
 And through long labours hunt'eſt after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of fickleneſſe,
 In choice and chaunge of thy deare-loved dame,
 Leſt thou of her believe too lightly blame,
 And raſh miſweening doe thy hart remove;
 For unto knight there is no greater ſhame
 Then lightneſſe and inſtancie in love;
 That doth this Red-croſſe knight's enſample plainly

II.

[prove:]

Who after that he had faire Una lorne,
 Through light miſdeeming of her loialtie,
 And falſe Dueſſa in her ſted had borne,
 Called Fideſ', and ſo ſuppoſd to be,
 Long with her traveild, till at laſt they ſee
 A goodly building, bravely garniſhed;
 The houſe of mightie prince it ſeemd to be,
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

III.

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
Both day and night, of each degree and place;
But few returned, having scaped hard
With balefull beggery or foule disgrace,
Which ever after in most wretched case,
Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay:
Thether Dueffa badd him bend his pace,
For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV.

A stately pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thicke,
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid;
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres,
And on the top a diall told the timely howres.

V.

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workman's witt;
But full great pittie that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt;
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shaked itt;
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI.

Arrived there, they passed in forth right,
 For still to all the gates stood open wide;
 Yet charge of them was to a porter hight
 Cald Malvenù, who entrance none denide:
 Thence to the hall, which was on every side
 With rich array and costly arras dight:
 Infinite sortes of people did abide
 There, waiting long to win the wished sight
 Of her that was the lady of that pallace bright.

VII.

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
 And to the presence mount; whose glorious vew
 Their frayle amazed senses did confound.
 In living princes court none ever knew
 Such endlesse richesse, and so sumptuous shew;
 Ne Persia selfe, the nurse of pompous Pride,
 Like ever saw; and there a noble crew
 Of lords and ladies stood on every side,
 Which with their presence fayre the place much beau-

VIII.

[tified.

High above all a cloth of state was spred,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day,
 On which there sate, most brave embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A mayden queene, that shone as Tytan's ray,
 In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone;
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone:

IX.

Exceeding shone, like Phoebus' fayrest childe,
'That did presume his father's fyrie wayne,
And flaming mouthes of steedes unwonted wilde,
'Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne;
Proud of such glory and advancement wayne,
While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,
He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
And, wrapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen
With fire not made to burne, but sayrely for to shyne.

X.

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne;
And sitting high, for lowly she did hate.
Lo underneath her scorneful feete was layne
A dreadfull dragon with an hideous trayne;
And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
Wherein her face she often vewed sayne,
And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight.

XI.

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell:
And thundring Iove, that high in heaven doth dwell,
And wield the world, she claymed for her fyre,
Or if that any else did Iove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or if ought higher were then that, did it desyre.

XII.

And proud Lucifera men did her call,
 That made her selfe a queene, and crownd to be;
 Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
 Ne heritage of native soveraintie,
 But die usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
 Upon the scepter which she now did hold;
 Ne ruld her realme with lawes, but policie,
 And strong advizement of six wifards old,
 That with their counsels bad her kingdome did uphold.

XIII.

Soone as the Elfin Knight in presence came,
 And false Duesſa, seeming lady fayre,
 A gentle husher, Vanitie by name,
 Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare:
 So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
 Of her high throne, where they on humble knee
 Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare
 Why they were come her roiall state to see,
 To prove the wide report of her great maiestee.

XIV.

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
 She thancked them in her disdainefull wise;
 Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shewe
 Of princeſſe worthy; scarce them bad arise.
 Her lordes and ladies all this while devise
 Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise,
 Some prancke their ruffes, and others trimly dight
 Their gay attyre: each others greater pride does spight.

XV.

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
Right glad with him to have increast their crew;
But to Dues' each one himselfe did payne
All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew,
For in that court whylome her well they knew:
Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
And that great princeesse too exceeding prowde,
That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

XVI.

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
The roiall dame, and for her coche doth call:
All hurtlen forth, and she with princely pace,
As faire Aurora in her purple pall
Out of the east the dawning day doth call.
So forth she comes; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
Doe ride each other upon her to gaze:
Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

XVII.

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime,
And strove to match, in roiall rich array,
Great Iunoes golden chayre; the which, they say,
The gods stand gazing on when she does ride
To loves high-hous through heavens bras-paved way,
Drawne of fayre pecoeks, that excell in pride,
And full of Argus' eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

XVIII.

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
On which her six sage counsellours did ryde,
Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
With like conditions to their kindes applyde;
Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
Was sluggish Idlenesse, the nourse of Sin;
Upon a slouthfull asse he chose to ryde,
Arayd in habit blacke and amis thin,
Like to an holy monck the service to begin.

XIX.

And in his hand his portesse still he bare,
That much was worne, but therein little redd;
For of devotion he had little care,
Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd:
Scarfe could he once uphold his heaue hedd,
To looken whether it were night or day.
May seeme the wayne was very evil ledd,
When such an one had guiding of the way,
That knew not whether right he went or else astray.

XX.

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
And greatly shunned manly exercise;
From everie worke he chalenged esloyne,
For contemplation sake: yet otherwise
His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
By which he grew to grievous malady;
For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
A shaking fever raignd continually.
Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company.

XXI.

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttony,
Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne;
His belly was upblowne with luxury,
And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne;
And like a crane his necke was long and fyne,
With which he swallowd up excessive feast,
For want whereof poore people oft did pyne;
And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteast.

XXII.

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad,
For other clothes he could not wear for heate;
And on his head an yvie girland had,
From under which fast trickled downe the sweate:
Still as he rode, he somewhat still did eat,
And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
His dronken corse he scarce upholden can;
In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

XXIII.

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
And eke unhable once to stirre or go;
Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
That from his frend he feeldome knew his fo:
Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
Which by misdiet daily greater grew.
Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV.

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded goat, whose rugged heare,
 And whally cies, (the signe of gelosy)
 Was like the person selfe whom he did beare,
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare;
 Unseemely man to please faire ladies eye:
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by.
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy?

XXV.

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
 Which underneath did hide his filthinesse;
 And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
 Full of vaine follies and new-fanglenesse;
 For he was false, and fraught with sicklenesse,
 And learned had to love with secret lookes,
 And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulnesse,
 And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
 And thousand other waies to bait his fleshy hookes.

XXVI.

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
 And lusted after all that he did love;
 Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
 But ioyd weake wemens hearts to tempt and prove,
 If from their loyall loves he might them move:
 Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
 Of that foule evill which all men reprove,
 That rotts the marrow and consumes the braine.
 Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII.

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Upon a camell loaden all with gold ;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precions metall full as they might hold,
And in his lap an heap of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelf his god he made,
And unto hell himselfe for money sold :
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waide.

XXVIII.

His life was nigh unto death's dore yplaste;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware ;
Ne scarfe good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare :
Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
To leave them to ; but thorough daily care
To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX.

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice,
Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;
Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;
Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore ;
Who had enough, yett wished ever more.
A vile disease, and eke in foote and hand
A grievous gout tormented him full fore,
That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand.
Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX.

And next to him malicious Envy rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venomous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his jaw;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neibors welth, that made him ever sad;
 For death it was when any good he saw,
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had;
 But when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous glad.

XXXI.

All in a kirtle of discoloured say
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hateful snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implyes.
 Still as he rode, he gnasht his teeth to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse,
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud Lucifera and his owne companie.

XXXII.

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds,
 And him no lesse that any like did use;
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse;
 So every good to bad he doth abuse.
 And eke the verse of famous poets witt
 He does backebite, and spitefull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all that ever witt.
 Such one vile Envy was, that fiste in row did sitt.

XXXIII.

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath
 Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed:
 His eies did hurle forth sparckles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld,
 As ashes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him

XXXIV.

[sweld.

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent;
 Through unadvizd rashnes woxen wood,
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
 Bet when the furious fitt was overpast,
 His cruel facts he often would repent;
 Yet (wilful man) he never would forecast
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV.

Full many mischiefes follow cruell wrath;
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife,
 And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:
 All these, and many evils moe, haunt ire,
 The swelling splene, and frenzy raging rise,
 The shaking palsey, and Saint Fraunces' fire.
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

XXXVI.

And after all upon the wagon beame
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band,
 Showting for joy, and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land;
 And underneath their feet all scattered lay
 Dead skulls and bones of men, whose life had gone

XXXVII.

[astray.

So forth they marchen in this goodly fort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport:
 Emongst the rest rode that false lady faire,
 'The foule Dueſſa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine;
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their ioyauce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII.

So having solaced themselves a space,
 With pleasure of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe retourned to the princely place;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red
 Was writt *Samsiey*, they new arrived find:
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardyhed,
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX.

Who when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
 He spide with that same Fary champion's page,
 Bewraying him that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother; burning all with rage
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage
 Of victor's glory from him snacht away:
 But th' Elfin Knight, which ought that warlike wage,
 Disdaind to loose the meed he wonne in fray,
 And him rencountring fierce reſkewd the noble pray.

XL.

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their ſwerds on hy,
 That with their ſturre they troubled all the traine;
 Till that great queene, upon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure that enſewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine;
 And if that either to that ſhield had right,
 In equall liſts they ſhould the morrow next it fight.

XLI.

“ Ah ! deareſt dame,” quoth then the paynim bold,
 “ Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 “ Whome great grieveſe made forgett the raineſe to hold
 “ Of Reaſon's rule, to ſee this recreaunt knight,
 “ (No knight, but treachour full of falſe deſpight
 “ And ſhameful treaſon) who through guile hath ſlayn
 “ The proweſt knight that ever field did fight,
 “ Even ſtout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn ?)
 “ Whoſe ſhield he beares repverſt, the more to heap
 diſdayn.

XLII.

" And to augment the glorie of his guile,
" His dearest love, the farie Fideffa, loe
" Is there possessed of the traytour vile,
" Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
" Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe:
" That brother's hand shall dearly well requight,
" So be, O Queene! you equall favour showe."
Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin Knight;
He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his

XLIII.

[right:

But threw his gauntlet as a sacred pledg
His cause in combat the next day to try:
So been they parted both, with harts on edg
To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
That night they pas in ioy and iollity,
Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall,
For steward was excessive Gluttony,
That of his plenty poured forth to all:
Which doen, the chamberlain Slowth did to rest them

XLIV.

[call.

Now whenas darksome Night had all displayd
Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye,
The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd,
Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
To muse on meanes of hoped victory:
But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company,
Uprose Dueffa from her resting place,
And to the paynim's lodging comes with silent pace:

XLV.

Whom broad awake she findes in troublous fitt,
Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy,
And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt ;
“ Ah ! deare Sansioy, next dearest to Sansfoy,
“ Cause of my new griefe, cause of my new ioy ;
“ Ioyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
“ And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
“ That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye ;
“ Lo his Fideffa to thy secret faith I flye.”

XLVI.

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart ;
Then sighing soft, “ I learne that litle sweet
“ Oft tempred is,” quoth she, “ with muchell smart ;
“ For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart
“ Of deare Sansfoy, I never ioyed howre,
“ But in eternall woes my weaker hart
“ Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
“ And for his sake have felt full many an heauey flowre.

XLVII.

“ At last, when perils all I weened past,
“ And hop’d to reape the crop of all my care,
“ Into new woes unweeting I was cast,
“ By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
“ His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
“ Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave ;
“ Me silly maid away with him he bare,
“ And ever since hath kept in darksome cave,
“ For that I would not yield that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII.

" But since faire sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
 " And to my loathed life now shews some light,
 " Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
 " From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :
 " To you th' inheritance belongs by right
 " Of brother's prayse, to you eke longes his love :
 " Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright,
 " Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
 " From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth end-

XLIX.

[lesse move."

Thereto said he, " Faire Dame! be nought dismaid
 " For sorrowes past; their grieve is with them gone :
 " Ne yet of present perill be affraide,
 " For needlesse feare did never vantage none;
 " And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone,
 " Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
 " Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone :
 " He lives that shall him pay his dewties last,
 " And guiltie elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

I.

" O, but I feare the fickle freakes," quoth she,
 " Of Fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
 " Why, Dame," quoth he, " what oddes can ever bee
 " Where both doe fight alike to win or yield ?"
 " Yea, but," quoth she, " he beares a charmed shield,
 " And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
 " Ne none can wound the man that does them wield."
 " Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then ferce,
 " I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce.

LI.

“ But, faire Fideffa! sithens Fortune’s guile,
“ Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
“ Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
“ Till morrow next, that I the else subdew,
“ And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew.”
“ Ay me, that is a double death,” she said,
“ With proud foes fight my sorrow to renew :
“ Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
“ Shall follow you.” So passing forth, she him obaid.

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THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO V.

The faithfull knight in equall field
Subdewes his faithlesse foe;
Whom false Dueſſa ſaves, and for
His cure to hell does goe.

I.

THE noble hart, that harbours vertuous thought,
And is with childe of glorious great intent,
Can never reſt untill it forth have brought
Th' eternall brood of glorie excellent.
Such reſtleſſe paſſion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greateſt honour he atchieven might:
Still did he wake, and ſtill did watch for dawning

II.

[light.

At laſt the golden orientall gate
Of greateſt heaven gan to open fayre,
And Phœbus freſh, as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, ſhaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his gliſtring beams through gloomy ayre:
Which when the wakeful elſe perceiv'd, ſtreightway
He ſtarted up, and did him ſelfe prepayre
In ſun-bright armes and battailous array,
For with that pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III.

And forth he comes into the commune hall,
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye,
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall:
There many minstrales maken melody,
'To drive away the dull melancholy,
And many bardes, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly,
And many chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for ladies doen by many a lord.

IV.

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily,
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin
Does care for looke of living creature's eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bind,
'T' observe the sacred lawes of armes that are assynd.

V.

At last forth comes that far renowned queene,
With royall pomp and princely maiestie;
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee,
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Dueffa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew;
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

VI.

A shrilling trompett sounded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad themselves addresse;
Their shining shieldes about their wrestles thy tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse,
The instruments of wrath and heavynesse:
With greedy force each other doth assayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and

VII.

[fraile.

The Sarazin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long.
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes like dreaded thunders threat;
For all for praise and honour he did fight.
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat;
That from their shields forth flieth fire light,
And helmets shewen deepe shew marks of either's might.

VIII.

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right:
As when a gryfon seized of his pray,
A dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away;
With hideous horror both together smight,
And souce so fore, that they the heavens assray:
The wise southfayer, seeing so sad sight,
Th'amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortal fight.

IX.

So th'one for wrong, the other strives for right,
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe:
 The cruell Steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow,
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde,
 That victory they dare not wish to either side,

X.

At last the paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddein eye, flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brother's shield, which hong thereby:
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said, "Ah! wretched sonne of wofull fyre,
 "Doeſt thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 "Whyleſt here thy shield is hangd for victor's hyre?
 "And, sluggish german, doeſt thy forces ſlake,
 "To after-ſend his foe, that him may overtake?"

XI.

"Goe, caytive Elſe! him quickly overtake,
 "And ſoone redeeme from his long-wandring woe:
 "Goe, guiltie Gholt! to him my meſſage make,
 "That I his ſhield have quit from dying foe."
 Therewith upon his creſt he ſtroke him ſo,
 That twiſe he reeled, readie twiſe to fall:
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
 The lookers on, and lowd to him gan call
 The falſe Dueſſa, "Thine the ſhield, and I, and all."

XII.

Soone as the Faerie heard his ladie speake,
Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake,
And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and ladies sake,
Of all attonce he cast aveng'd to be,
And with fo'exceeding furie at him strake,
That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :
Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII.

And to him said, " Goe now, proud Miscreant !
" Thyselfe thy message do to german deare ;
" Alone he wandring thee too long doth want :
" Goe, say his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
Him to have slaine ; when lo a darke some clowd
Upon him fell ; he no where doth appeare,
But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
But answer none receives ; the darknes him does shrowd.

XIV.

In haste Dueslla from her place arose,
And to him running sayd, " O prowest knight
" That ever ladie to her love did chose,
" Let now abate the terrour of your might,
" And quench the flame of furious despight,
" And bloodie vengeance : lo th'infernall powres,
" Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
" Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres :
" The conquest your's, I your's, the shield and glory
your's."

XV.

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
He sought all round about, his thirstie blade
To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy,
Who all that while lay hid in secret shade:
He standes amazed how he thence should fade.
At last the trumpets triumph sound on hie,
And running heralds humble homage made,
Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
And to him brought the shield, the cause of enmitie.

XVI.

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine queene,
And falling her before on lowly knee,
To her makes present of his service scene;
Which she accepts with thankses and goodly gree,
Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree:
So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
Whom all the people followe with great glee,
Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
That all the ayre it fills, and flies to heaven bright.

XVII.

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed,
Where many skilfull leaches him abide
To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
And softly gan enbalme on everie side;
And all the while most heavenly melody
About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
Him to beguile of grieve and agony;
And all the while Duesſa wept full bitterly.

XVIII.

As when a wearie traueiler, that strayes
By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
Doth meete a cruell craftie crocodile,
Which in false grieve hyding his harmeful guile,
Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender tears;
The foolish man, that pities all this while
His mournieful plight, is swallowed up unwares,
Forgetfull of his owne, that mindes an other's cares.

XIX.

So wept Dueffa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in love's high house were light;
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' heathen knight
In slombring swownd nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day;
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay,
But to the easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

XX.

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth coming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for iourney new,
And cole-blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ, as they were wood.

XXI.

Who when she saw Dueſſa funny bright,
 Adorn'd with gold and iewels ſhining cleare,
 She greatly grew amazed at the ſight,
 And th'unacquainted light began to feare,
 (For never did ſuch brightnes there appeare)
 And would have backe retyred to her cave,
 Untill the witches ſpeech ſhe gan to heare,
 Saying, " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame! I crave
 " Abide till I have told the meſſage which I have."

XXII.

She ſtayd, and foorth Dueſſa gan proceede,
 " O thou moſt auncient Grandmother of all!
 " More old than love, whom thou at firſt didſt breede,
 " Or that great houſe of gods cæleſtiall,
 " Which waſt begot in Dæmogorgon's hall,
 " And ſawſt the ſecrets of the world unmade;
 " Why ſuffredſt thou thy nephewes deare to fall
 " With Elfin ſword, moſt ſhamefully betrayde?
 " Lo where the ſtout Sansioy doth ſleepe in deadly

XXIII.

[ſhade.

" And him before I ſaw with bitter eyes
 " The bold Sansfoy ſhrinck underneath his ſpeare;
 " And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
 " Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
 " That whylome was to me too dearly deare.
 " O what of gods then boots it to be borne,
 " If old Aveugles ſonnes ſo evill heare?
 " Or who ſhall not great Nightes children ſcorne,
 " When two of three her nephewes are ſo fowle forlorne?

XXIV.

"Up, then; up, dreary Dame, of darknes queene,
"Go gather up the reliques of thy race,
"Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene
"That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
"And can the children of sayre Light deface."
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mother's face:
Yet pittie in her hart was never prov'd
Till then; for evermore she hated, never lov'd:

XXV.

And said, "Deare Daughter! rightly may I rewe
"The fall of famous children borne of mee,
"And good successes which their foes ensue;
"But who can turne the streame of Destinée,
"Or breake the chayne of strong Necessitee,
"Which fast is tyde to love's eternall seat?
"The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
"And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
"To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

XXVI.

"Yet shall they not escape so freely all,
"For some shall pay the price of others guilt;
"And he, the man that made Sansfoy to fall,
"Shall with his owne blood price that he hath spilt.
"But what art thou that telst of nephews kilt?"
"I, that do seeme not I, Dueffa ame,"
Quoth she, "how ever now in garments gilt,
"And gorgeous gold arrayd, I to thee came;
"Dueffa I, the daughter of Decepit and Shame.

XXVII.

Then bowing downe her aged backe, she kist
The wicked witch, saying, " In that fayre face
" The false resemblance of Deceit I wist
" Did closely lurke ; yet so true-seeming grace
" It carried, that I scarce in darksome place
" Could it discerne, though I the mother bee
" Of Falshood, and roote of Dueffaes race.
" O welcome, Child ! whom I have longd to see,
" And now have seene unwares. Lo now I go with

XXVIII.

[thee.]

Then to her yron wagon she betakes,
And with her beares the fowle wel-favourd witch ;
Through mirkesome aire her ready way she makes :
Her twyfold teme (of which two blacke as pitch,
And two were browne, yet each to each unlich)
Did softly swim away, ne ever stamp,
Unlesse she chaunst their stubborne mouths to twitch ;
Then foming tarre, their bridles they would champ,
And trampling the fine element would fiercely ramp.

XXIX.

So well they sped, that they be come at length
Unto the place whereas the paynim lay
Devoid of outward fence and native strength,
Coverd with charmed cloud from vew of day,
And sight of men, since his late luckeleffe fray.
His cruell wounds with cruddy bloud congeald
They binden up so wisely as they may,
And handle softly, till they can be heald :
So lay him in her charett, close in night conceald.

XXX.

And all the while she stood upon the ground
The wakefull dogs did never cease to bay,
As giving warning of th'unwonted sound
With which her yron wheelles did them affray,
And her darke griesly looke them much dismay.
The messenger of death, the ghastly owle,
With drery shriekes did also her bewray;
And hungry wolves continually did howle
At her abhorred face, so filthy and so fowle.

XXXI.

Thence turning backe in silence softely stole,
And brought the heavy corse with easy pace
To yawning gulfe of deepe Avernus hole:
By that same hole an entraunce darke and bace,
With smoake and sulphur hiding all the place,
Descends to hell: there creature never past
That backe retourned without heavenly grace;
But dreadfull furies, which their chaines have braist,
And damned sprights sent forth to make ill men

XXXII.

[aghast.

By that same way the direfull dames doe drive
Their mournefull charett, fild with rusty blood,
And downe to Plutoes house are come bilive;
Which passing through, on every side them stood
The trembling ghosts with sad amazed mood,
Chattring their iron teeth, and staring wide
With stonie eies; and all the hellish brood
Of seends infernall flockt on every side, [ride.
To gaze on erthly wight that with the Night durst

XXXIII.

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
Where many soules sit wailing woefully,
And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
Cursing high love, the which them thither sent.
The house of endlesse Paine is built thereby,
In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV.

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
His three deformed heads did lay along,
Curled with thousand adders venemous,
And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
Did him appease ; then downe his taile he hong,
And suffered them to passe quietly ;
For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV.

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
For daring tempt the queene of Heaven to sin ;
And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
Against an hill, ne might from labour lin ;
There thirsty Tantalus hong by the chin,
And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw ;
Typhoeus ioynts were stretched on a gin,
Theseus condemnd to endlesse slouth by law ;
And fifty sisters water in leake vessels draw.

XXXVI.

They all beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part,
 Where was a cave ywrought by wondrous art,
 Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad Æsculapius far apart
 Emprifond was in chaines remedilesse,
 For that Hippolytus' rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII.

Hippolytus a iolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charett chace the foming bore;
 He all his peeres in beauty did surpas,
 But ladies love as losse of time forbore:
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more;
 But when she saw her offred sweets refusd,
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd:

XXXVIII.

Who all in rage his sea-god fyre besought
 Some cursed vengeance on his sonne to cast:
 From surging gulf two monsters streight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chafing steedes aghast,
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast.
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chaft
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
 That of Hippolytus was lefte no monument.

XXXIX.

His cruell step-dame seeing what was donne,
Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
In death avowing th'innocence of her sonne:
Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
His heare, and hasty tong, that did offend;
Tho gathering up the reliques of his smart
By Dianes meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art
Did heale them all againe, and ioyned every part.

XL.

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
When Iove avizd, that could the dead revive,
And fates expired could renew again,
Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
With flashing thunder-bolt ywounded fore;
Where long remaining, he did alwaies strive
Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
And flake the heavenly fire that raged evermore.

XLI.

There auncient Night arriving, did alight
From her nigh-weary wayne, and in her armes
To Aesculapins brought the wounded knight;
Whom having softly disaraid of armes,
Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
He would at her request prolong her nephew's daies.

XLII.

" Ah! Dame," quoth he, " thou temptest me in vaine
 " To dare the thing which daily yet I rewe;
 " And the old cause of my continued paine
 " With like attempt to like end to renew.
 " Is not enough that thrust from heaven dew
 " Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 " But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 " Thou biddest me to ecke? can Night defray
 " The wrath of thundring Iove that rules both night

XLIII.

[and day?"]

" Not so," quoth she; " but sith that heaven's King
 " From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight,
 " Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing?
 " And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
 " Now in the powre of everlasting Night?
 " Go to, then, O thou far-renowned sonne
 " Of great Apollo! shew thy famous might
 " In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 " Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be

XLIV.

[donne."]

Her words prevaild; and then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els the which his art did teach:
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd Darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure;
 And backe retourning took her wonted way,
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phœbus pure,
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV.

The false Dueffa, leaving noyous Night,
Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde;
Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
Departed thence; albee (his woundes wyde
Not throughly heald) unready were to ryde.
Good cause he had to hasten thence away;
For on a day his wary dwarfe had spyde
Where in a dungeon deep huge numbers lay
Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and

XLVI. [day;

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie;
Of whom he learned had in seeret wise
The hidden cause of their captivitie;
How, mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
Through wastfull pride and wanton riotise,
They were by law of that proud tyrannesse,
Provokt with wrath, and Envyes false surmise,
Condemned to that dongeon mercilesse,
Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretchednesse.

XLVII.

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
That would compell all nations to adore,
And him as onely God to call upon,
Till through celestiallyl doome, thrown out of dore,
Into an oxe he was transformd of yore:
There also was king Cræsus, that enhaunst
His hart too high through his great richesse store;
And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst;

XLVIII.

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
That first the world with sword and fire warrayd;
And after him old Ninus far did pas
In princely pomp, of all the world obayd:
There also was that mightie monarch layd
Low under all, yet above all in pride,
That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd,
And would as Ammon's sonne be magnifide,
Till scornd of God and man a shamefull death he dide.

XLIX.

All these together in one heape were throwne,
Like carcases of beastes in butchers stall;
And in another corner wide were strowne
The antique ruins of the Romanes fall;
Great Romulus, the grandfyre of them all;
Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus;
Stout Scipio, and stubborne Hanniball;
Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius;
High Cæsar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

L.

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke;
Fayre Sthenobœa, that her selfe did choke
With wilfull chord, for wanting of her will;
High-minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill; [fill:
And thousands moe the like, that did that dongeon

L.I.

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thrallcs,
Which thether were assembled day by day,
From all the world after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride, and wasted welthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high princes courtes or ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp or wanton play
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy flowres.

L.II.

Whose case whenas the careful dwarfe had tould,
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But early rose, and ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
For doubtlesse death ensfewd if any him descryde.

L.III.

Scarfe could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corfes, like a great lay-stall,
Of murdered men which therein strowed lay,
Without remorse or decent funerall,
Which al through that great princeesse pride did fall,
And came to shamefull end: and them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A donghill of dead carcasses he spyde,
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VI.

From lawlesse Lust by wondrous grace
Fayre Una is releast;
Whom salvage nation does adore,
And learnes her wife behest.

I.

As when a ship, that flies fayre under sayle,
An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
That lay in waite her wrack for to bewaile,
The mariner yet halfe amazed stares
At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
To ioy at his fool-hapie oversight;
So doubly is distrest twixt ioy and cares
The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II.

Yet sad he was that his too hastie speed
The fayre Dues' had forst him leave behind;
And yet more sad that Una, his deare dread,
Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind,
Yet cryme in her could never creature find:
But for his love, and for her own selfe sake,
She wandred had from one to other Ynd,
Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:

III.

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
Led her away into a forest wilde,
And turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde :
Yet first he cast by treatie and by traynes
Her to perswade that stubborne fort to yilde ;
For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

IV.

With fawning wordes he courted her a while,
And looking lovely, and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile ;
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes, she did abhore,
As rock of diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vale that hong her face before ;
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'enforce her chastitye.

V.

So when he saw his flattring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree,
With greedy force he gan the fort assaile,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee,
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah, Heavens ! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance iust so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that paynim bold?

VI.

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
 Does throw out thrilling shriekes and shrieking cryes,
 (The last vaine helpe of womens greate distresse)
 And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
 That molten starres do drop like weeping eyes;
 And Phœbus flying so most shameful sight,
 His blushing face in foggy cloud implies,
 And hydes for shame. What witt of mortall wight
 Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight?

VII.

Eternall Providence, exceeding thought,
 Where none appeares can make her selfe a way:
 A wondrous way it for this lady wrought,
 From lyons clawes to pluck the gryped pray.
 Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,
 That all the woodes and forestes did resound:
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylvanus slept in shady arber fownd:

VIII.

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towards the far-rebownded noyce,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent;
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espyde,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement,
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

IX.

The wyld wood-gods, arrived in the place,
There find the virgin doolfull, desolate,
With ruffled rayments and fayre blubbred face,
As her outrageous foe had left her late,
And trembling yet through feare of former hate:
All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
And gin to pittie her unhappie state;
All stand astonied at her beautie bright,
In their rude eyes unworthy of so wofull plight.

X.

She more amazd in double dread doth dwell,
And every tender part for feare does shake:
As when a greedy wolfe, through honger fell,
A feely lamb far from the flock does take,
Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
A lyon spyes fast running towards him,
The innocent pray in hast he does forsake,
Which quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim,
With chaunge of feare to see the lyon looke so grim.

XI.

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart;
Ne word to speake, ne ioynt to move, she had;
The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
And read her sorrow in her cont'nance sad;
'Their frowning foreheads with rough hornes yclad,
And rustlick horror all asyde doe lay,'
And gently grenning shew a semblance glad
To comfort her; and feare to put away,
'Their backward-bent knees, teach her humbly to obay,

XII.

The doubtfull damzell dare not yet committ
 Her single person to their barbarous truth,
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th :
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beauty soverayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth,
 And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance

XIII.

[fayne.

Their harts she ghesseeth by their humble guise,
 And yielde her to extremitie of time;
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime:
 They all as glad as birdes of ioyous pryme
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheard's ryme,
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as queene, with olive girlond croud.

XIV.

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled eccho ring,
 And with their horned feet doe weare the ground,
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant spring :
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;
 Who with the noyse awaked commeth out
 To weete the cause, his weake steps governing,
 And aged limbs, on cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

S ij

XV.

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad;
Or Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
Or Cybeles franticke rites have made them mad:
They drawing nigh unto their god present
That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent:
The god himselfe vewing that mirrhour rare,
Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
His owne fayre Dryope now he thinks not faire,
And Pholoe fowle, when her to this he doth compaire.

XVI.

The wood-borne people fall before her flat,
And worship her as goddesse of the wood,
And old Sylvanus' selfe bethinkes not what
To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood,
In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly broode:
Sometimes Dame Venus' selfe he seemes to see,
But Venus never had so sober mood;
Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her knee.

XVII.

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
His ancient love and dearest Cyparisse,
And calles to mind his pourtraiture alive,
How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this;
And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
A gentle hynd, the which the lovely boy
Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
For griepe whereof the lad n'ould after ioy,
But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wil'd annoy.

XVIII.

The wooddy Nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
Her to behold do thether runne apace,
And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades,
Flocke all about to see her lovely face;
But when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
They envy her in their malicious mind,
And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace;
But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they

XIX.

[find.

Glad of such lucke the luckelesse lucky mayd
Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
And long time with that salvage people stayd,
To gather breath in many miseryes:
During which time her gentle wit she plyes
To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
And made her th' image of idolatryes;
But when their bootlesse zeale she did restrayne
From her own worship, they her asle would worship

XX.

[fayne.

It fortun'd a noble warlike knight
By iust occasion to that Forrest came,
To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right,
From whence he tooke his wel-deserved name:
He had in armes abroad wonne mucheli fame,
And fild far landes with glorie of his might;
Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
And ever lov'd to fight for ladies right,
But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight.

XXI.

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
And there begotten of a lady myld,
Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde,
That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
To Therion, a loose unruly fwayne,
Who had more ioy to raunge the forrest wyde,
And chase the saivage beaste with busie payne,
Then serve his ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

XXII.

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne,
And could not lacke her lover's company;
But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
And seeke her spouse, that from her still does fly,
And followes other game and venery:
A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to find,
And kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII.

So long in secret cabin there he held
Her captive to his sensuall desyre,
Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
And bore a boy unto that salvage syre;
Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe,
Whom, till to ryper years he gan aspyre,
He noursed up in life and maners wilde, [exilde.
Emongst wild beastes and wóods, from lawes of men

XXIV.

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
To banish cowardize and bastard feare;
His trembling hand he would him force to put
Upon the lyon and the rugged beare,
And from the she-bears teats her whelps to teare;
And eke wyld roring buls he would him make
To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare;
And the robuckes in flight to overtake,
That everie beast for feare of him did fly and quake.

XXV.

Thereby so fearelesse and so fell he grew,
That his owne fyre, and maister of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew,
And oft for dread of hurt would him advise
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke: for he would learne
The lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI.

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted panther, and the tusked bore,
The pardale swift, and the tigre cruell,
The antelope and wolfe, both fiers and fell,
And them constraine in equall teme to draw.
Such ioy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared as a tyran's law.

XXVII.

His loving mother came upon a day
 Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne,
 And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
 After his sportes and cruell pastime donne,
 When after him a lyonesse did runne,
 That roaring all with rage did lowd requere
 Her children deare, whom he away had wonne;
 The lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
 And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

XXVIII.

The fearefull dame all quaked at the sight,
 And turning backe gan fast to fly away,
 Until with love revokt from vaine affright,
 She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
 And then to him these womanish words gan say;
 "Ah, Satyrane! my darling and my ioy,
 "For love of me leave off this dreadfull play;
 "To dally thus with death is no fit toy:
 "Go find some other play-fellowes mine own sweet

XXIX.

[boy."

In these and like-delightes of bloody game
 He trayned was, till ryper years he raught,
 And there abode, whylst any beast of name
 Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
 To fear his force; and then his courage haught
 Defyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
 And far abroad for straunge adventures sought,
 In which his might was never overthrowne,
 But through al Faery Lond his famous worth was
 blowne,

XXX.

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his fyre and of spring auncient;
And now he thether came for like intent,
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
(Straunge lady, in so straunge habiliment)
Teaching the Satyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did re-

XXXI.

[dound.

He wondered at her wisdome heavenly rare,
Whose like in womens wit he never knew;
And when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rewe,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And ioyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle dame, so hurtlesse and so trewe;
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII.

But she, all vowd unto the Red-crosse knight,
His wandring perill closely did lament,
Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
How to escape. At last in privy wise
To Satyrane she shewed her intent,
Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise
How with that pensive maid he best might thence arise.

re.

sweet
oy."

was

XXXIII.

So on a day when Satyres all were gone
 To do their service to Sylvanus old,
 The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
 He led away with corage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her againe :
 In vain he seekes that having cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the

XXXIV.

[plaine.

The better part now of the lingring day
 They traveild had, whenas they far espide
 A weary wight forwandring by the way,
 And towards him they gan in hast to ride,
 To weete of newes that did abroad betyde,
 Or tidings of her Knight of the Red-crosse ;
 But he them spying gan to turne aside
 For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse :
 More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

XXXV.

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way ;
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching funny ray,
 As he had traveild many a sommer's day
 Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
 And in his hand a Iacob's staffe, to stay
 His weary limbs upon ; and eke behind [bind.
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did

XXXVI.

The knight approching nigh of him inquerd
Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
But warres nor new adventures none he herd.
Then Una gan to aske if ought he knew,
Or heard abroad, of that her champion trew,
That in his armour bare a croslet red.

"Ay me! deare Dame!" quoth he, "well may I rew
"To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
"These eies did see that knight both living and eke

XXXVII.

[ded.]

That cruel word her tender hart so thild,
That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
And stony horror all her fences fild
With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
The knight her lightly reared up againe,
And comforted with curteous kind reliefe;
Then wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
The further processe of her hidden grieve:

The lesser pangs can beare, who hath endur'd the

XXXVIII.

[chiefe.]

Then gan the pilgrim thus; "I chaunst this day,
"This fatall day, that shall I ever rew,
"To see two knights, in travell on my way,
"(A fory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
"Both breathing vengeaunce, both of wrathfull hew;
"My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
"To see their blades so greedily imbrew,
"That dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life:
"What more? the Red-crosse knight was slain with
paynim knife."

XXXIX.

" Ah! dearest Lord," quoth she, " how might that bee,
 " And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne?"
 " Ah! dearest Dame," quoth he, " how might I see
 " The thing that might not be, and yet was donne?"
 " Where is," said Satyrane, " that paynim's sonne
 " That him of life, and us of ioy, hath reft?"
 " Not far away," quoth he; " he hence doth wonne
 " Foreby a fountaine, where I late him left
 " Washing his bloody wounds, that through the Steele

XL. [were cleft."

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
 Whiles Una, with huge heavinessse opprest,
 Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
 And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
 Whereas that pagan proud himselfe did rest
 In secret shadow by a fountaine side:
 Even he it was that erst would have suppress
 Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
 With foule reprochful words he boldly him deside;

XLI

And said, " Arise, thou cursed miscreant,
 " That hast with knightlesse guile and trecherous train
 " Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
 " That good Knight of the Red-crosse to have slain:
 " Arise, and with like treason now maintain
 " Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
 The Sarazin this hearing, rose amain,
 And catching up in hast his three-square shield,
 And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field;

XLII.

And drawing nigh him said, " Ah! misborn Elfe,
" In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent,
" Another's wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe;
" Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
" My name with guile and traiterous intent:
" That Red-crosse knight, perdie, I never slew;
" But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,
" Th' enchaunter vaine his error should not rew;
" But thou his error shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

XLIII.

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fierfly to assaile,
Each other bent his enemy to quell;
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshes fraile,
That it would pittie any living eie:
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile;
But floods of blood could not them satisfie:
Both hongred after death; both chose to win or die.

XLIV.

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That fainting each, themselves to breathen lett,
And ofte refreshed, battell oft renew.
As when two bores, with ranceling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett,
Til breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where, foming wrath, their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample the earth, the whiles they may respire,
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire,

XLV.

So fierfly, when these knights had breathed once,
 'They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
 'Their puissant force and cruell rage attonce
 With heaped strokes more hugely then before,
 That with their drery wounds and bloody gore
 'They both deformed, scarfely could bee known.
 By this sad Una, fraught with anguish fore, [thrown,
 Led with their noise, which through the aire was
 Arriv'd, wher they in erth their fruitles blood had

XLVI.

[fown:

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
 Espide, he gan revive the memory
 Of his leud lusts and late attempted sin,
 And leste the doubtfull battel hastily,
 'To catch her, newly offred to his eie;
 But Satyrane with strokes him turning, staid,
 And sternely bad him other busines plic,
 'Then hunt the steps of pure unspottéd maid :
 Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speeches said ;

XLVII.

" O foolish Faeries sonne, what fury mad
 " Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate ?
 " Were it not better I that lady had,
 " 'Then that thou hadst repented it too late ?
 " Most sencelesse man he that himselfe doth hate
 " To love another: lo then for thine ayd
 " Here take thy lover's token on thy pate."
 So they to fight; the whiles the royall mayd
 Fled farre away, of that proud paynim fore afrayd.

XLVIII.

But that false pilgrim which that leasing told,
Being indeed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold,
And much reioyced in their bloody fray;
But when he saw the damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay.
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battel's end, will need another place.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VII.

The Red-crosse knight is captive made,
By gyaunt proud opprest :
Prince Arthure meets with Una, great-
ly with those newes disrest.

I.

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
As to discry the crafty cunning traine
By which Deceipt doth maske in visour faire,
And cast her coulours died deepe in graine,
To seeme like Truth, whose shape she well can faine,
And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
Great maistresse of her art was that false dame,
The false Duesse, cloked with Fidessæes name.

II.

Who when, returning from the drery Night,
She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
Where she had left the noble Red-crosse knight,
Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate,
To rest him selfe, foreby a fountaine syde,
Disarmed all of yron-coted plate,
And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III.

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd
Which through the trembling leaves full gentlyplayes,
Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
The witch approching gan him fayrely greet,
And with reproch of carelesnes unkind
Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
With fowle words tempring faire; soure gall with hony

IV.

[sweet.

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the ioyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat,
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a gylond made,
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade;
The sacred nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianas favor, as it then befell

V.

The cause was this: One day when Phœbe fayre,
With all her band, was following the chace,
This nymph, quite tyrd, with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race;
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place;
Thenceforth her waters wexed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow.

VI.

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was,
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as cleare as christall glas:
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle.
His chaunged powres at first themselves not felt,
Till crudled cold his courage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

VII.

Yet goodly court he made still to his dame,
Pourd out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sound,
Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
That all the earth for terror seemd to shake,
And trees did tremble. Th' else therewith astownd,
Upstartd lightly from his looser make,
And his unready weapons gan in hand to take:

VIII.

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
An hideous geaunt, horrible and hye,
That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye;
The ground eke groned under him for dread:
His living like saw never living eye,
Ne durst behold; his stature did exceed
The hight of three the tallest sonnes of mortall seed.

IX.

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
And blustering Aeolus his boasted fyre,
Who with his breath, which through the world doth
Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
That she conceiv'd; and trebling the dew time
In which the wombes of women do expyre,
Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme,
Pust up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

X.

So growen great, through arrogant delight
Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
Upon a snaggy oke, which he had torne
Out of his mother's bowelles, and it made
His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde.

XI.

That, when the knight he spyd, he gan advaunce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towards him with dreadfull fury prounce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace, sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every ioynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain, which him feeble made,
That scarsely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

XII.

The geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse,
 That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
 And were not hevenly grace that him did blesse,
 He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre:
 But he was wary of that deadly flowre,
 And lightly lept from underneath the blow;
 Yet so exceeding was the villein's powre,
 That with the winde it did him overthrow,
 And all his fences stood, that still he lay full low.

XIII.

As when that divelish yron engin, wrought
 In deepest hell, and framd by furies skill,
 With windy nitre and quick sulphur fraught,
 And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
 Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
 With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke
 That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
 Through smouldry cloud of dusky stincking smoke,
 That th' only breath him daunts who hath escapt the

XIV.

[stroke;

So daunted when the geaunt saw the knight,
 His heave hand he heaved up on hye,
 And him to dust thought to have battred quight,
 Untill Dueffa loud to him gan crye,
 "O great Orgoglio! greatest under sbye,
 "O hold thy mortall hand for ladies sake;
 "Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
 "But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 "And me thy worthy meed unto thy leman take."

XV.

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake;
So willingly she came into his armes,
Who her as willingly to grace did take,
And was possessed of his new-found make:
Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
And ere he could out of his swowne awake,
Him to his castle brought, with hastie forse,
And in a dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI.

From that day forth Dueslla was his deare,
And highly honourd in his haughtie eye:
He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
And her endowd with royall maiestie:
Then for to make her dreaded more of men,
And peoples hartes with awful terror tye,
A monstrous beast, ybredd in filthy fen,
He chose, which he had kept long time in darksome den.

XVII.

Such one it was as that renowned snake
Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake,
Whose many heades out-budding ever new,
Did breed him endlesse labour to subdew.
But this same monster much more ugly was;
For seven great heades out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewed in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII.

His tayle was stretched out in wondrous length,
That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught;
And with extorted powre and borrow'd strength;
The ever-burning lamps from thence it braught,
And proudly threw to ground, as things of naught;
And underneath his filthy feet did tread
The sacred thinges, and holy heastes fortaught.
Upon this dreadful beast, with sevenfold head,
He sett the false Dueffa, for more aw and dread.

XIX.

The wofull dwarfe, which saw his maister's fall,
(Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed)
And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
His mightie armour, missing most at need;
His silver shield, now idle maisterlesse;
His poynant speare, that many made to bleed;
(The rueful moniments of heavinessse)
And with them all departes, to tell his great distresse.

XX.

He had not travaild long, when on the way
He wofull lady, wofull Una, met,
Fast flying from the paynim's greedy pray,
Whilest Satyrane him from pursuist did let;
Who when her eyes she on the dwarf had set,
And saw the signes that deadly tydings spake,
She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
Yet might her pitteous hart be seen to pant and quake.

XXI.

The messenger of so unhappie newes
Would faine have dyde; dead was his hart within;
Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes:
At last, recovering hart, he does begin
To rub her temples, and to chaufe her chin,
And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
So hardly he the flitted life does win
Unto her native prison to retourne;
Then gins hergrieved ghost thus to lament and mourne;

XXII.

"Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight,
"That doe this deadly spectacle behold,
"Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
"Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
"Sith cruell Fates the careful threds unfould,
"The which my life and love together tyde?
"Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
"Perce to my hart, and pas through everie fyde,
"And let eternall night so sad sight fro my hyde.

XXIII.

"O lightsome day (the lampe of highest love,
"First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde,
"When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove)
"Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
"And shut up heaven's windowes shyning wyde;
"For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
"And late repentance, which shall long abyde.
"Mine eyes no more on vanitie shall feed, [meed."
"But seeled up with death shall have their deadly

XXIV.

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
 But he her quickly reared up againe :
 Thrife did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd,
 And thrife he her reviv'd with busie paine.
 At last, when Life recover'd had the raine,
 And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
 With soltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
 " Tell on," quoth she, " the woful tragedy,
 " The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

XXV.

" Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all her spight,
 " And thrilling Sorrow throwne his utmost dart :
 " Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
 " Then that I feele and harbour in mine hart :
 " Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
 " If death it be, it is not the first wound
 " That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 " Begin, and end the bitter baleful stound ;
 " If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

XXVI.

Then gan the dwarfe the whole discourse declare ;
 The subtile traines of Archimago old,
 The wanton loves of false Fideessa sayre,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht paynim bold ;
 The wretched payre transformed to treen mould ;
 The house of Pryde, and perilles round about ;
 The combat which he with Sansioy did hould ;
 The lucklesse confliet with the gyaunt stout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII.

She heard with patience all unto the end,
And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
Which greater grew the more she did contend,
And almost rent her tender hart in tway,
And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
For greater love, the greater is the losse.
Was never lady loved dearer day,
Then she did love the Knight of the Red-crosse,
For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII.

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
She up arose, resolving him to find
Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
All as the dwarfe the way to her assynd:
And evermore, in constant carefull mind,
She sedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
Long toft with stormes, and bet with bitter wind,
High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his squire, arrayed meet:
His glitterand armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phæbus' brightest ray;
From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of Steele endanger may:
Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most preti-

XXX.

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
Shapt like a ladies head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker sights :
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious flights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
Of mother-perle, and buckled with a golden tong

XXXI.

His haughtie helmet, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terroure bredd ;
For all the crest a dragon did enfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden winges ; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
That suddeine horroure to faint hartes did show ;
And scally tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

XXXII.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest
A bounch of heares discoloured diversly,
With sprinced pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for iollity ;
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily,
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXXIII.

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
 Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene;
 Not made of steele, nor of enduring bras,
 (Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene)
 But all of diamond perfect pure and clene
 It framed was, one massy entire mould,
 Hewen out of adamant rocke with engines keene,
 That point of speare it never percen could,
 Ne dint of direfull sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV.

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequall armies of his foes,
 Or when the flying heavens he would affray:
 For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
 That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
 And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
 As when her face is staynd with magicke art's constraint.

XXXV.

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
 Nor bloody wordes of bold enchaunters call,
 But all that was not such as seemd in sight,
 Before that shield did fade, and suddein fall;
 And when him list the raskall routes appall,
 Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

XXXVI.

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceedes;
For he that made the same was knowne right well
To have done much more admirable deedes:
It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
All living wightes in might of magicke spell:
Both shield, and sword, and armour, all he wrought
For this young prince, when first to armes he fell;
But when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
To Faerie Lond, where yet it may be seene if sought.

XXXVII.

A gentle youth, his dearely loved squire,
His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
Whose harmeful head, thrise heated in the fire,
Had riven many a brest with pikehead square;
A goodly person, and could menage faire
His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt,
Who under him did trample as the aire,
And chaust that any on his backe should sitt,
The yron rowels into frothy fume he bitt.

XXXVIII.

Whenas this knight nigh to the lady drew,
With lovely court he gan her enttaine;
But when he heard her aunswers loth, he knew
Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;
Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
Faire-feeling words he wisely gan display,
And for her humor fitting purpose faine,
To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray, [say;
Wherewith enmoud, these bleeding words she gan to

XXXIX.

"What worlds delight, or ioy of living speach,
"Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
"And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach?
"The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
"And in my heart his yron arrow sleep,
"Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
"Such helpelesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
"Then rip up grieve where it may not availe;
"My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

XL.

"Ah! Lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
"Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous great;
"For wondrous great grieve groneth in my spright,
"Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
"But, woefull Lady! let me you intrete
"For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
"Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
"And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
"Found never help who never would his hurts impart."

XLI.

"O but," quoth she, "great grieve will not be tould,
"And can more easily be thought then said."
"Right so," quoth he; "but he that never would,
"Could never: will to might gives greatest aid."
"But grieve," quoth she, "does greater grow displaid,
"If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
"Despaire breedsnot," quoth he, "wherefaith is slaid."
"No faith so fast," quoth she, "but flesh does paire."
"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but reason can re-
paire."

XLII.

His goodly reason and well-guided speach
So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
That her perswaded to disclose the breach
Which Love and Fortune in her heart had wrought;
And said, " Faire Sir! I hope good hap hath brought
" You to inquire the secrets of my grieve;
" Or that your wisdom will direct my thought;
" Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe;
" Then heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieve.

XLIII.

" The forlorne maiden, whom your eies have seene
" The laughing stocke of Fortune's mockeries,
" Am th' onely daughter of a king and queene,
" Whose parents deare (whiles equal destinies
" Did ronne about, and their felicities
" The favourable heavens did not envy)
" Did spread their rule through all the territories
" Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
" And Gehon's golden waves doe wash continually :

XLIV.

" Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
" An huge great dragon, horrible in sight,
" Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary,
" With murderous ravine and devouring might
" Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
" Themselves, for feare into his iawes to fall,
" He forst to castle strong to take their flight,
" Where fast embard in mighty brasen wall, [thrall.
" He has them now four years besiegd to make them

XLV.

“ Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
 “ Have enterprizd that monster to subdew:
 “ From every coast, that heaven walks about,
 “ Have thither come the noble martial crew,
 “ That famous harde atchievements still pursew;
 “ Yet never any could that girlond win,
 “ But all still shronke, and still he greater grew:
 “ All they for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 “ The piteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI.

“ At last, yled with far-reported praise,
 “ Which flying Fame throughout the world had spred
 “ Of doughty knights, whom Fary Land did raise,
 “ That noble order hight of Maidenhed,
 “ Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped,
 “ (Of Gloriane, great queene of glory bright!)
 “ Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is Red,
 “ There to obtaine some such redoubted knight,
 “ That parents deare from tyrants powred deliver might.

XLVII.

“ Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
 “ There for to find a fresh unproved knight,
 “ Whose manly hands imbrawd in guilty blood
 “ Had never beene, ne ever by his might
 “ Had throwne to ground the unregarded right;
 “ Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made
 “ (I witnes am) in many a cruell fight:
 “ The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
 “ Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII.

" And ye, the forlone reliques of his powre,
 " His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
 " Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
 " Can speake his prowesse, that did earst you beare,
 " And well could rule; now he hath left you heare
 " To be the record of his rueful losse,
 " And of my doleful disaventurous deare.
 " O heaue record of the good Red-crosse,
 " Where have yee left your lord, that could so well

XLIX. [you tosse ?

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
 " That he my captive languor should redeeme,
 " Till all unweeting, an enchaunter bad
 " His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme
 " My loyalty, not such as it did seeme;
 " That rather death desire then such despight.
 " Be iudge, ye Heavens! that all things right esteeme,
 " How I him lov'd, and love with all my might :
 " So thought Icke of him, and think I thought aright.

L.

" Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
 " To wander where wilde Fortune would me lead,
 " And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 " Where never foote of living wight did tread,
 " That brought not backe the balefull body dead,
 " In which him chaunced false Dueessa meete,
 " Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread,
 " Who with her witchcraft and misseeming sweete,
 " Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete.

LI.

" At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
 " Unto his foe, a gyaunt huge and tall,
 " Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismayed,
 " Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
 " The monster mercilesse him made to fall,
 " Whose fall did never foe before behold;
 " And now in darkefome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 " Remedilesse for aie he doth him hold.
 " This is my cause of grieve, more great then may be

LII.

[told."

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint;
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake,
 " Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint,
 " That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake;
 " But be of cheare, and comfort to you take,
 " For till I have acquit your captive knight,
 " Assure yourselfe I will you not forsake."
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright;
 So forth they went, the dwarfe them guiding ever right.

THE FAERY QUEENE.

BOOK I. CANTO VIII.

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight;
Who slayes the gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Dueffa quight.

I.

AY me! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall!
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all:
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall;
Els should this Red-crosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this prince doth thetether

II.

[guyde.

They sadly travcild thus, untill they came
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye;
Then cryde the dwarfe, "Lo yonder is the same
"In which my lord my liege doth lucklesse ly,
"Thrall to that gyaunt's hatefull tyranny,
"Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the lady stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

III.

So with his squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marchèd forth towards that castle wall,
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answere commers call;
Then tooke that squire an horn of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold,
And tasselles gay: wyde wonders over all
Of that same hornes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV.

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine:
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
And ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe:
No faulse enchauntment nor deceitfull traine
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine:
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V.

The same before the geaunt's gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of free-will open flew.
The gyaunt selfe dismaied with that sownd,
Where he with his Dueffa dalliaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dread-
ed powre.

VI.

And after him the proud Dueſſa came,
High mounted on her many-headed beaſt,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creaſt,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feaſt:
That when the knight beheld, his mightie ſhild
Upon his manly arme he ſoone addreſt,
And at him fierſly ſlew, with corage ſild,
And eger greedineſſe through every member thild.

VII.

Therewith the gyaunt buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with ſcornefull wrath and high diſdaine,
And liſting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged ſnubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at firſt encounter to have ſlaine:
But wiſe and wary was that noble pere,
And lightly leaping from ſo monſtrous maine,
Did ſayre avoide the violence him nere;
It booted nought to thinke ſuch thunderbolts to beare.

VIII.

Ne ſhame he thought to ſhonne ſo hideous might:
The ydle ſtroke, enforcing furious way,
Miſſing the marke of his miſaymed fight,
Did fall to ground, and with his heavy ſway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw;
The ſad earth, wounded with ſo fore aſſay,
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with ſtrange feare did like an earth-
quake ſhow.

IX.

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food,
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring drieriment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
 The fiers threeforked engin making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And shooting in the earth castes up a mount of clay;

X.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the knight him at advantage fownd;
 And whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smott off his left arme, which like a block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
 Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
 Forth gushed, like fresh-water streame from riven

XI.

[rock.

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
 He lowdly brayd with beasty yelling fownd,
 That all the fieldes rebellowed againe:
 As great a noyse as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of bulles, whom kindly rage doth sling,
 Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing, [ring.
 The neighbour woods around with hollow murmur

XII.

That when his deare Dueſſa heard, and ſaw
The evil ſtound that daungerd her eſtate,
Unto his aide ſhe haſtily did draw
Her dreadfull beaſt; who, ſwolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud preſumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes:
But him the ſquire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with ſingle ſword in hand,
And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke ſtand.

XIII.

The proud Dueſſa, full of wrathful ſpight
And fiers diſdaine, to be affronted ſo,
Enforſt her purple beaſt with all her might,
That ſtop out of the way to overthrow,
Scorning the let of ſo unequall foe;
But nathemore would that corageous ſwayne
To her yeeld paſſage, gainſt his lord to goe,
But with outrageous ſtrokes did him reſtraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV.

Then took the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which ſtill ſhe bore, replete with magick artes;
Death and deſpeyre did many thereof ſup,
And ſecret poyſon through their inner partes,
Th' eternall bale of heaue wounded harts;
Which after charmes and ſome enchauntments ſaid,
She lightly ſprinkled on his weaker partes;
Therewith his ſturdie corage ſoone was quayd,
And all his fences were with ſuddein dread diſmayd.

XV.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest;
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprife;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved squyre into such thraldom brought :

XVI.

And high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so fore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made;
His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more :
A sea of blood gulht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

XVII.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
(Through great impatience of his grieved hed)
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
Had not the gyaunt soone her succoured,
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantic yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

XVIII.

The force which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both were erst,
 With which his hideous club aloft he dities,
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
 That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow;
 The stroke upon his shield so heaue lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low.
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous

XIX.

[blow ?

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Did loofe his vele by chaunce, and open flew,
 The light whereof, that heven's light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew:
 Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye
 For to have slain the man that on the ground did lye.

XX.

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
 At flashing beames of that sun-shiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his fences dazd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durty field,
 And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield:
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the gyaunt lowdly she gan call,
 "O helpe, Orgoglio! helpe, or els we perish all."

XXI.

At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd
Her champion stout; and, for to ayde his frend,
Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
But all in vaine; for he has redd his end
In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Themselves in vaine: for since that glauncing sight
He hath no poure to hurt nor to defend;
As where th'Almighties lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the fences

XXII.

[quight.

Whom when the prince, to batteill new addrest,
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tombled: as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hart-strings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

XXIII.

Or as a castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious sight
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles, and with her heaped hight
Her hastie ruine does more heavy make,
And yields it selfe unto the victour's might;
Such was this gyaunt's fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

XXIV.

The knight then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall Steele him smot againe so sore,
That heedlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
All wallowd in his owne foule bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store :
But soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

XXV.

Whose grievous fall when false Dueffa spyde,
Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde :
Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
That she could not endure that dolefull sound ;
But leaving all behind her, fled away ;
The light-foot squyre her quickly turnd around,
And by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
So brought unto his lord, as his deserved pray.

XXVI.

The roiall virgin, which beheld from farre,
In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
Came running fast to greet his victorie
With sober gladnesse and myld modestie,
And with sweet ioyous cheare him thus bespake ;
“ Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie!
“ That with your worth the world amazed make,
“ How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake?

XXVII.

“ And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
“ Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto death’s dore,
“ What hath poore virgin, for such perill past,
“ Wherewith you to reward? accept therefore
“ My simple selfe, and service evermore.
“ And he that high does sit, and all things see
“ With equall eye, their merites to restore,
“ Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
“ And what I cannot quite, requite with usuree.

XXVIII.

“ But sith the heavens and your faire handeling
“ Have made you master of the field this day,
“ Your fortune maister eke with governing,
“ And well begonne, end all so well, I pray,
“ Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
“ For she it is that did my lord bethrall,
“ My dearest lord! and deepe in dongeon lay,
“ Where he his better dayes hath wasted all.
“ O heare how piteous he to you for ayd does call!”

XXIX.

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his squire
That scarlet whore to keepe carefully,
Whyles he himselfe, with greedie great desyre,
Into the castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espie;
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
But no man car’d to answere to his crye;
There raignd a solemne silence over all; [or hall.
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was scene, in bowre

XXX.

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old, old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo ;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow :
Those were the keyes of every inner dore,
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI.

But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward moov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face;
Unlike to men, who ever as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster-father of the gyaunt dead ;
His name, Ignaro, did his nature right aread.

XXXII.

His reverend heares and holy gravitee
The knight much honord, as beseemed well,
And gently askt where all the people bee
Which in that stately building wont to dwell ?
Who answerd him full soft, he could not tell.
Againe he askt where that same knight was layde,
Whom great Orgoglio with his puissaunce fell
Had made his caytive thrall ? Againe he sayde
He could not tell ; ne ever other answere made.

XXXIII.

Then asked he which way he in might pas?
 He could not tell, againe he answered.
 Thereat the courteous knight displeased was,
 And said, " Old Syre, it seemes thou hast not red
 " How ill it sits with that same silver hed
 " In vaine to mocke, or mockt in vaine to bee;
 " But if thou be, as thou art pourtrahed
 " With Nature's pen, in age's grave degree,
 " Aread in graver wise what I demaund of thee."

XXXIV.

His answere likewise was, he could not tell.
 Whose sencelesse speach, and doted ignorance,
 Whenas the noble prince had marked well,
 He ghest his nature by his countenance,
 And calm'd his wrath with goodly temperance:
 Then to him stepping, from his arme did reache
 Those keyes, and made himselfe free enterance.
 Each dore he opened without any breach:
 There was no barre to stop, nor foe him to empeach.

XXXV.

There all within full rich arayd he found
 With royall arras and resplendent gold,
 And did with store of every thing abound,
 That greatest princes prefence might behold:
 But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
 With blood of guiltlesse babes and innocents trew,
 Which there were slaine, as sheepe out of the fold,
 Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew,
 And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

XXXVI.

And there beside of marble stone was built
An altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christian's blood was often spilt,
And holy martyres often doen to dye,
With cruell malice and strong tyranny;
Whose blessed sprites from underneath the stone
To God for vengeance cryde continually,
And with great griefe were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous

XXXVII.

[mone.

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight,
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom he enlargen might.

XXXVIII.

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce,
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound;
"O! who is that which bringes me happy choyce
"Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
"Yet live perforce in baleful darkenesse bound?
"For now three moones have changed thrice their hew,
"And have been thrice hid underneath the ground;
"Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew. [trew."
"O! welcōme thou, that dost of death bring tydings

XXXIX.

Which when that champion heard, with percing point
Of pity deare his hart was thrilled fore,
And trembling horror ran through every ioynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore;
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as dark as hell,
That breathed ever forth a filthie baneful smell.

XL.

But neither darkenesse fowle, nor filthy hands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zele and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that prisoner up to reare,
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere.

XLI.

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted funne to view;
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits,
And empty sides deceived of their dew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowres
Were wont to rive steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consum'd, and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and al his flesh shronk up like withered flowres,

XLII.

Whome when his lady saw, to him she ran
 With hasty ioy : to see him made her glad,
 And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
 Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.
 Tho when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said, " Ah ! dearest Lord ! what evil starre
 " On you hath frownd, and pourd his influence bad,
 " That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 " And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth

XLIII.

[marre ?

" But welcome now, my Lord, in wele or woe,
 " Whose presence I have lackt too long a day ;
 " And fye on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
 " Whose wrathful wreakes themselves doe now alay,
 " And for these wronges shall treble penance pay
 " Of treble good : good growes of evils priefe."
 The chearleffe man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his grieve;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV.

" Faire Lady !" then said that victorious knight,
 " The things that grievous were to doe or beare,
 " Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight ;
 " Best musicke breeds delight in loathing care :
 " But th' only good that growes of passed feare,
 " Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
 " This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
 " Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 " That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV.

"Henceforth, Sir Knight, take to you wonted strength,
"And maister these mishaps with patient might:
"Loe where your foe lies stretcht in monstrous length;
"And loe that wicked woman in your sight,
"The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
"Now in your powre, to let her live or die."
"To doe her die," quoth Una, "were despight,
"And shame t' avenge so weake an enemy;
"But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

XLVI.

So as she bad that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all:
Then when they had despoyled her tire and call,
Such as she was their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall,
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII.

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummies were feld,
And her fowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind,
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was, that would have loathd all womankind.

XLVIII.

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind,
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write;
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight:
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an eagles claw,
With griping talannts armd to greedy fight;
The other like a beares uneven paw:
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX.

Which when the knights beheld, amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
“Such then,” said Una, “as she seemeth here,
“Such is the face of Falshood, such the sight
“Of fowle Dueffa, when her borrowed light
“Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne.”
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne,
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

L.

Shee flying fast from heaven's hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernesse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest themselves, and weary powres repaire,
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare.

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